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The Week

THE Administration is still planning to call a new conference to deal with naval disarmament in Washington next fall, but before the President finally issues the invitations, he would do well to consider carefully how much he can reasonably expect to accomplish by it. In our opinion the prospects of success will depend chiefly upon the outcome of the negotiations for a security agreement which are now being carried on by the French, German and British governments—that is, upon the ability of France and Great Britain to adjust their differences. If the two western European powers have not devised a mutually satisfactory arrangement, it would be hopeless to call them into conference for the purpose of limiting building of scout cruisers, destroyers, submarines or airplane carriers. The French government attaches peculiar importance to the freedom to build these types of vessels. By the use of a large fleet of this kind it may be able to keep open communication with Africa during a war on the Continent, and such a line of commmunication would enable France to draw from Africa Negro soldiers and necessary tropical products. The smaller naval craft will form an indispensable part of the French military machine. So long as that machine is as indispensable to the success of French policy as it is at present, the French government will never participate in any agreement to restrict the building of submarines and the like.

A CAUTIOUS, irresolute, unimaginative man like the President is peculiarly unfitted to know what to do about a problem which is as obscure, as deceptive and as fluctuating as the problem of promoting peace by means of disarmament and international conference. All he can think of doing is to repeat the performance of his predecessor and to avoid risky promises and unambiguous pronouncements. If he acts at all, it will be on an extremely restricted program and probably with inferior instruments. The Washington conference of 1921 might well have failed if the late Mr. Harding had confided its management to a less able man than Mr. Hughes. There is no reason to believe that the present Secretary of State possesses the intellectual initiative, insight and flexibility which would be necessary in order to steer a new conference into a safe harbor. Mr. Coolidge, we are sorry to say, shows no tendency to seek the assistance of men of ability and vision. He has appointed a few first-rate men, but for the most part, his motto in making appointments is "Safety First." He is filling the executive offices with the kind of servants who will stay hitched.

IN considering from day to day the large and voluminous stream of news from Europe about the proposed security compact, Americans may congratulate themselves and Europe on their own noncoöperation in the enterprise. The security of the European peoples will never be perceptibly increased by an American guarantee of the inviolability of existing frontiers. Such a guarantee would impose an enormously costly and hazardous responsibility on this country while at the same time it would encourage European countries to feel less responsibility about avoiding an attitude or policy towards their neighbors which would provoke an attack. If the United States had, for instance, signed the Treaty negotiated by Mr. Wilson, which

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attached a specific American guarantee of France against Germany, France would have no sufficient motive at the present time to pledge herself to respect German territory. She could count on being protected by the United States against the consequences of her ill-treatment of Germany. European security depends not on external guarantees but on the inoffensive and considerate nature of the policy which European states pursue one towards another. It is the increasing recognition of this fact which justifies an American observer in watching with some faint hope the movement towards the formation of an international security compact which is perceptible in western Europe.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S selections for the new Muscle Shoals Commission are particularly unfortunate. This commission, it will be remembered, was instituted by Congress to study the problem of how best to use for the benefit of the American nation the vast reservoir of power which is being created at Muscle Shoals. It was of the utmost importance that the Commission should be composed of engineers or economists who were not committed in advance to any existing plan and whose recommendations would carry with them the authority which attaches to an impartial expert inquiry. But with a really cynical disregard of the obvious intention of Congress, three out of five of the commissioners appointed by Mr. Coolidge are politicians. All three of them have declared themselves in favor of leasing the plant to Henry Ford. The other two are engineers of unknown ability and ordinary standing, whose possible minority report would not carry very much weight with public opinion. A commission of this kind can obviously do nothing to assist Congress in deciding what to do about Muscle Shoals. Congress itself is as a whole a more disinterested and capable body to pass upon the problem than is the commission which the President has appointed to elighten it.

THE German elections have proved inconclusive in their results, as most students of German policies had anticipated. The two best organized parties, the Nationalists and the Socialists, polled very large votes, the former having drawn to its nucleus of middle class conservatives almost the entire monarchist strength while the latter made significant inroads into the Communist following. It is doubtful whether either can command a majority at the second election. The weight of opinion appears to be that Marx and the Centrists stand the best chance of drawing to themselves a clear majority on April 26. The Nationalists, in spite of their present plurality, appear to be out of it. Neither can they expect to be reinforced from the minority parties, except the Bavarian People's Party and the negligible Ludendorff faction, nor have they any resources in the stay-at-homes. Rather less than 30 percent of the electors failed to vote—a small proportion, as modern elections go—and it is improbable that many of the non-voters were Nationalists. While there may be surprises in the second election, it now seems fairly clear that the Presidency will be retained by the supporters of the Republic, of treaty fulfillment under the Dawes plan and peace. Germany is still highly discontented with her position in the world, but she knows that fire-eating won't cure her.

IF the Producers' and Consumers' Organizing Committee, which held a conference last week in New York City, can develop a technique for organizing the distribution of foodstuffs which will reduce waste between the farm and the table, it will have solved one of the major economic problems of this generation. It plans to tackle milk first, not because there is much to be saved from dealers' profits, or even because the waste in milk distribution is as great as with certain other products, but because milk is so important a food and is adapted to local handling. With an organization of consumers and producers capable of distributing milk efficiently, much more may also be done. The project of transferring even the milk industry from large private dealers to a representative public body, with justice and benefit to all concerned, is an ambitious one. But an ambitious plan seems to be called for, in view of the fact that private interests are already working overtime in consolidations for private benefit, and that the small Rochdale coöperative cannot seem to make much progress in the United States against public inertia and the enormous private resources against which it is pitted.

AN intensive study of the health of working children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, by the Bureau of Women in Industry in the State of New York, is a model of scientific analysis, and leads to some interesting conclusions. A large number of the children have minor physical defects remediable but dangerous if left to develop. Not only is no effort being made to correct these defects, but often the occupation is such as to aggravate them. A commentary on educational methods is furnished by the fact that many of the children went to work not on account of any great need for wages but apparently because of boredom in the classroom. It will probably surprise many to learn that a considerable percentage of both boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen had not reached adolescence. Since these—particularly the boys—are not so strong as those further advanced, it might be wise either to place a higher legal age limit than fourteen on child labor or to make the physical and psychological age the test rather than the number of years since birth. The Bureau plans a second study of these children in two years, to discover what industry has done to them.

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NO more crucial strike has occurred in the United States since the railway shopmen's walk-out of 1922 than that of the soft-coal miners just called in West Virginia. As is well known, there are at least a third too many mines and miners to supply the normal demand for coal, and the surplus is certain to be eliminated by competition. If wages in non-union and union fields can be equalized, either by upward revision of the first or downward revision of the second, the elimination will take place according to the scale of natural costs and management. But if non-union costs remain generally lower than union on account of lower wages, the elimination will be chiefly of union mines and union members. That is why serious trouble impends in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana unless West Virginia can be organized. If the strike fails, there is bound to be either a wage reduction in the union districts by voluntary revision of the Jacksonville agreement, which still has two years to run, or a general strike, or a gradual dying out of a large part of the union fields. Any one of the three may easily be well-nigh disastrous for the time to the United Mine Workers of America—the largest union in the A. F. of L.

THE solicitude for independent thinking among college men which President Hibben, of Princeton, expressed recently to a reporter of the New York Times is highly encouraging. There does seem to be some relation between the anxious conformity of the public mind and the deadening memory work of the schools and, for that matter, the colleges. At all events, nearly everyone who has devoted much thought to educational problems is now at work upon methods of teaching and courses of study that will stimulate the imagination of the pupil instead of cramming a passive memory with established truths. Princeton has been experimenting with methods in her tutorial classes for some years. The new curriculum which President Hibben promises will carry the experiment into content. "The emphasis in the new tendency is on the building of character and the development of independent thinking," says Dr. Hibben. What he means by the building of character is, unfortunately, not quite clear. To make men think is one thing, to clean up the drinking parties quite another.

IN the Socratic sense the development of intelligence is the development of character not because moral improvement follows intellectual growth as an effect but because—in this interpretation of the matter—moral behavior is the behavior of intelligent men. That does not mean at all that men who have been led to "think independently" will inevitably conform to all the canons of the received morality. They may, for instance, believe in easy divorce and disbelieve in tax-free investments, although the former is frowned upon by the most righteous and the latter sealed with the approval of the Supreme Court of the United States. If President Hibben's announcement means that Princeton is going to cultivate intelligence and foster that character which is the expression of independent thinking, this is far the most important educational announcement of the season. But if it means that Princetonians are going to be good and try to think unfettered thoughts, it means nothing at all. Unfettered thinking which begins in an act of conformity is simply a figment of presidential rhetoric.

The Road to Security in Europe

THE negotiations in which the French, German and British governments are participating for the purpose of agreeing upon a joint guarantee of security open up a promising prospect. For the first time since the Armistice the three powers whose cooperation is most necessary to the immediate tranquillity of Europe are considering the giving of assurances to one another which may relieve the tension of the worst of the prevailing political and economic conflicts. It remains to be seen whether they will reach an agreement, and whether the agreement if reached will establish an extremely fugitive modus vivendi or a solid foundation for future confidence and coöperation. But whatever the result, the three governments are apparently tackling by negotiation the most immediately dangerous causes of international instability in Europe.

Americans should not be deceived, however, into accepting the accounts of the negotiations at their face value. The causes of European instability and their cure are not what they are alleged to be in the cables from Paris. Judged by these reports an incautious observer might infer that the immediately dangerous source of European instability was the perils to which France is exposed, and that the indispensable means to stabilization was the reaffirmation of the Treaty of Versailles as the fundamental statute of European order. As a matter of fact what is actually happening is the gradual abandonment of the major purpose for which the Treaty of Versailles was framed and the gradual building up of a tier of legal fortifications which will restore to Germany some measure of security and some grounds for self-respect. The pending negotiations are by way of starting Europe on the road to pacification, not because they tend to confirm the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles but because, like the Dawes plan, they tend in certain essential respects to bring about a necessary revision.

Under the Treaty the future security of France and the succession states was supposed to be assured by condemning Germany to hopeless military impotence and by depriving her at the same time of any legal protection against the consequences of her defenseless condition. It provided a multitude of plausible legal pretexts for the subsequent invasion of Germany, and for the terrorizing of the German

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people; and the French statesmen deliberately seized an early opportunity to convince the Germans of the utter insecurity of their situation.

A Europe in which a crime such as the Ruhr occupation could be committed under the forms of law was obviously a moral jungle which was undermining the vitality of the ordinary human motive for purposive labor, for the accumulation of property, or for individual and social aspiration. International order itself permitted and condoned oppressive violence. If Europe was ever again to become a place in which property and life were to be secure, its statesmen must somehow lead the French army out of the Ruhr, make it impossible for the troops legally to return and reorganize Europe so that Germany in spite of her military defenselessness could count upon the recognition by her conquerors of certain fundamental rights as a nation. It was necessary, that is, to abandon in the interest of general security the previous contention of the Allied statesmen that Germany by signing the Treaty of Versailles had consented to her own gradual political subjugation. It was equally necessary to explore the possibility of effecting an improved settlement in the recognition of which the German nation as a corporation with rights would positively, if not cheerfully, participate.

The Dawes plan constituted the first step towards such a revised settlement. It provided for the French retirement from the Ruhr, and it established an economic machinery for the payment of reparations which was no longer necessarily ruinous to the debtor. But it left French governments ultimately free to repeat the occupation of the Ruhr whenever her statesmen suspected or believed that Germany was in voluntary default with respect to her obligations under the Treaty; and there could be no political, economic or moral security in Europe as long as France claimed such a right and its existence was generally admitted. The pending negotiations will, we hope, remedy this defect in the Dawes plan. If the new treaty actually gives some security to Germany, the French government will have to pledge itself never again to violate German territory unless authorized to do so by an international tribunal. Should France utter this pledge, the position of Germany will be immensely strengthened. She will have obtained for the first time since her defeat some semblance of legal protection. She will be freed from the promised performance of impossibilities as the only means of avoiding starvation and military oppression. When she defaults under the Dawes plan, as she inevitably must, she can start the negotiations for a new and a better arrangement without the paralyzing pressure of a loaded revolver against her temple.

Of course France, Germany and Great Britain have not yet signed a treaty of mutual guarantee, and if they sign such a treaty it may not be worded so as to restore to Germany any sufficient measure of security. But in that case it will not effect the main object of the negotiation which is that of giving ultimate security to France by the only possible adequate and appropriate means—that is the guarantee by France of immediate security to Germany. Once this guarantee is given, it will be possible for the League of Nations to begin to function with respect to the chief problems of the peace of Europe. Its weakness in the past has been its inability to propose or to obtain the recognition of any rules of international law which would avail to protect disarmed peoples against oppression and assure to them the benefit of some process of law. It has been unable even to begin the substitution of law and conciliation for war and coercion in a Europe which had recognized no sanction but coercion in its transactions with several of its most populous and important nations. But if France, which wields an irresistible army, will guarantee the territorial inviolability and the real political independence of a disarmed Germany, then it will be possible for the League of Nations to start the laborious process of framing an international order which was not subject to the constant danger of being blown to pieces by the bomb of authorized invasion.

Culture and Tyranny

THE pursuit of the arts is, perhaps, the noblest employment of life. But compulsory self-improvement, enforced in every modern town and hamlet by the coercion of culture snobbery, is of all sycophancies the most abject.

Civilized America presents a most encouraging spectacle just now, at the height of the culture season. In every city at least one concert series is in full blast, rival lecture courses are oversubscribed, a loan exhibition of almost modern paintings has been on view for a couple of weeks and is about to depart, while tickets for the limited engagement of the Touring Opera Company have already gone on sale. The boom is general. Not only is this the harvest season of the muses; the years that have followed the War have yielded bumper crops. There is every indication that America is coming into her own, artistically, as never before. That must be a matter of general rejoicing, of course. The increasing willingness of foreign artists to visit America, the increasing eagerness of Americans to hear and see, by tens of thousands in their own country instead of by hundreds in Europe, all that our Menckens have been crying for in this "desert of the bozart" for lo, these many years must soothe the prejudices of the most confirmed inferiority complex.

But there is a fly in the balm of Gilead, the common, germ-carrying fly of our still unredeemed vulgarity. We are going to concerts, to be sure. That is excellent. We are paying unprecedented prices to hear artists we do not appreciate play music we do not understand. Sometimes we think the com-

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posers and performers are spoofing us. But our resolution never flags. The intent of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who take in all the culture their budgets can afford during these winter months is thoroughly admirable. But otherwise the character of their interest is pitiable. It is not that they are buying an art which they are powerless to produce. That is true, naturally. But since it is natural it is in no sense despicable. The purchase of art works is deplorable only when, and in so far as, it confirms the artist in the rôle of salesman and the buyer in the rôle of a perpetually unredeemed Maecenas. This is the unfortunate aspect of the exchange, for this is exactly what international trade in culture tends to do. The danger behind the eagerness of American consumption of European art is that it is confirming Americans in the rôle of consumers.

This danger is well illustrated by the concert. As an institution the concert is corrupting of both the artist and the audience. Never, in all the annals of human civilization, has any artistic event been staged under conditions which so completely abrogate all possibility of general participation. The concert separates performer and auditor as they have never been separated before. Note that this is not an accidental by-effect of poor concerts. The effect is never exhibited more starkly than by the best. Carnegie Hall, in New York, is probably the scene of the best concerts in America. But this is what one of the foremost American music critics has said about it. "No music is good enough to stand up against the depressing circumstances of a performance at Carnegie Hall." The evil is institutional, not local. By the psychology of concertizing (the barbarous verb which musicians have invented convicts the thing it so tellingly describes) the performing bear is lead before the yokels. To continue the quotation from Van Vechten's Cordite for Concerts, reprinted in Red, "The concert as it exists is a false and artificial conception. It is impossible for me to enjoy music in a brilliantly lighted, badly ventilated auditorium, in the midst of a crowd of elderly, anserine ladies and gentlemen, or rapt or bored or merely fatuous juveniles, the conductor panting and sweating, the men of the band sawing and blowing, and a soprano weighing four hundred pounds puffing through 'Ocean, thou mighty monster!' "

If the indictment ended with Mr. Van Vechten's discomfort, with these essentially transient gaucheries of the doctors of music and their patients, the situation would scarcely merit our solicitude. But it goes much deeper. The concert is an idea, a concept of the highest good in music. It stands in everybody's mind for the superbly finished product of a musical education. Consequently, every passing Pippa who gives evidences of ability to carry a tune is started off not toward the mastery of music and her voice but upon what is conceived as the ladder toward a concert career. The concert exacts of its slaves a repertory of "pieces" committed to memory and polished to the highest possible lustre. This, accordingly, is the ideal of every infant. Parents, educated only in the concert hall, gauge progress solely by "pieces." Teachers acquiesce, some blindly doing what is expected without asking why, others eagerly priming their little performing bears for the greater glory of their own careers as thousandth rate Auers and Leschitizkys, still others, the genuine musicians, making grumbling and cynical concession to the universal pressure. The effect of it all is precisely what one would expect. In the industry of concert management it pays to run a few artists, who can be kept constantly in the public notice, at high rates in large halls. These artists are paid enormous sums to repeat over and over again, world without end, a repertory of the works of the familiar composers which, viewed in relation to the total volume of music fairly comparable in merit, is astoundingly small, a practice not altogether conducive to the best development of the performer's art. This routine, imposed on the great by commerce, is freely imitated by the small through sheer snobbery and misguidedness.

The condition of the audience is even worse. The whole atmosphere of the concert hall is heavy with the miasma of community coercion. It is a solemn occasion. Bright shine the lights on brave women and rich men. When they bend their ears, let no dog laugh. It is no mere self-indulgence in which they are engaged, the vulgarities of a Berlin beer garden or the frivolities of a Parisian opera house, but work, an earnest application to the serious task of self-improvement. Everyone has observed this scene, but few seem to have thought about it as much as it requires. Ostensibly, a concert hall is a place of enjoyment. Yet that can be true only if it is frequented by people who come of their own whim, people who understand music and enjoy to hear it played. To be sure, such people are few in America. The tremendous development of American consumption of music, and the other arts, results from the tapping of a really sub-musical layer of demand, in short, from the promulgation of the doctrine that every decent man should be musical and that the way to attain to the state of Hadji is simply to go assiduously to the local mosque. That doctrine is obviously a lie. Nothing confers the true blessing of the prophet but a pilgrimage to the holy city, which for musicians is the study of music. No one ever attained a musical education in the concert hall, without himself reading a line of music.

America is becoming artistically wealthy very rapidly, too rapidly. The tragedy of our riches is the curse of the golden touch. Like Midas, we get more than we can assimilate, and the more we get the less able we are to make it our own. Beginning with a laudable sense of our own inferiority we nevertheless suffer the misfortune of conceiving the arts as mysteries to be caught, like an obscure affection, by the contagion of a magic touch. The whole

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thing, being a mystery, has become a ritual, a community ceremony imposed upon all by the rigors of culture snobbery.

Sooner or later we shall be surfeited with self-improvement. Then we shall commence to laugh at ourselves, and each other. The spell being broken, we shall discover that music is no more difficult than mathematics if it is approached in the same spirit. No one expects to become a scientist by attending lectures on the advantages of the differential calculus. Then, having thrown off popish tyrannies, we shall domesticate the concert.

Pay Off the Debt

ANY government which wishes to be popular has only to propose tax reduction. All taxes are a nuisance and a bore, but especially those which are visible, payable in hard cash, at stated and always inconvenient occasions, like the income tax. Therefore when the Coolidge administration finds it desirable to revive the general enthusiasm which rolled up the magnificent majority of last fall, it has only to send forth a spokesman with promises of reduction in the income tax. General Lord, director of the budget, is one of the most persuasive of these administration spellbinders. Wherever he goes, audiences break into loud applause, as he dilates upon the achievements of the economy campaign, the $100,000,000 surplus expected for this year and $373,000,000 for next, and draws the conclusion that we can afford a notable reduction in taxes. Other spokesmen of the administration specify the surtax, the estate taxes and the nuisance taxes as the proper objects for fiscal pruning. Why, it is asked, should we continue to pay War taxes, long after the War is over?

We have to go on paying War taxes because we have not yet paid for the War. We are still carrying a debt of $20,000,000,000, almost all of which was created by the World War. Of the small amount which antedates the War, virtually the whole is a legacy of the Spanish and Civil Wars. Our federal debt is essentially of an unproductive origin. It is not on a footing with the state and municipal debts about which such a pother is made, which are balanced in whole or in chief part by tangible productive assets—good roads, schools, electric power plants and gas works. We laid out borrowed money on wars to defend the national honor or to avert national calamities. The results were no doubt worth the cost, but they yield no pecuniary dividends. They are analogous to hospital bills in private economy. Sound financial policy demands their extinction at the earliest practicable moment. No one is wise enough about the future to assure us that national emergencies and hospital bills may not recur. If they do, we do not want the old bills hanging about our necks.

We are, however, paying off our war debt. With our liberal sinking fund provisions, the debt will disappear in a generation. What is the use of haste in paying it off? So long as we do not impair the sinking fund, why should we not treat every Treasury surplus as a valid ground for tax reduction?

The United States is now enjoying a high measure of prosperity. We still benefit from an exceptionally favorable international position. Our chief European competitors, England and Germany, are far from complete recovery from the War. The level of world prices is high, at least fifty percent above the pre-war normal. Our national money income reflects this price situation. Are we justified in assuming that this condition will perpetuate itself? This would be rash. No one can predict the future of prices with certainty, but there are plausible grounds for forecasting a slow settling toward a lower price level as international competition picks up. In such an event we shall find increasing difficulty in paying off our debt.

It is also worth bearing in mind that a considerable part of our present prosperity is derived from the exploitation of perishable natural resources. In a generation our petroleum will be gone, along with the hundreds of millions income derived from it. Our anthracite coal production will be seriously impaired. The virgin forests will have been stripped. The fertility of our soil will have undergone marked deterioration unless in the meantime we have shown the resolution to pay enough for farm products to provide for proper upkeep. We shall have to live more by our labor and less by the bounty of nature. Perhaps we shall not need to live more laboriously, since we have in our favor the offsetting force of technical progress. Yet prudence warns us to make allowance for the possibility that incomes may not be so easily earned, twenty years from now, as they are at present, and to avoid saddling them with the hangover of this generation's War.

Finally, it is to be observed that the taxpayers are by now fairly inured to the present rates. Standards of living have been adjusted to the necessity of paying taxes. The man who has been paying a quarter of his income in taxes has learned to live on the other three-quarters. The same principle holds all along the line. Nobody is suffering real hardship from the rates of taxation now prevailing. There is no evidence that our taxes are drying up their source, as would be the case if they were actually oppressive. Every completed budget report in recent years shows surplus in excess of the Treasury calculations. Business prospers, and the accumulation of private earnings is going on at a rate unknown in our history except perhaps for the brief period when we enjoyed War profits without sharing in the costs of the War.

We are able to pay taxes at the present rate and

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prosper. Should we not be more prosperous if the rates of taxation were lowered? It is frequently argued that remission of taxes would lead to increased private earnings and a greater supply of capital for productive enterprise. The argument would be valid if the government collected the taxes to waste them on unproductive expenditure. But this is not what it is doing. We are wholly in favor of the President's policy in saving every possible dollar—so long, of course, as useful services are not starved or handicapped. The surpluses that emerge under the operation of the tax law are applied to the extinction of debt. And when they are thus applied they more certainly add to the volume of productive capital than they would if they were remitted to the taxpayer. Only a negligible proportion of those whose bonds are paid off will treat the sums thus received as income to be consumed. Practically all of them will reinvest in productive securities. But the funds released by tax remission would in large part be absorbed into the standard of living. To raise surpluses by taxation for application to debt payment is in effect to enforce thrift and stimulate the accumulation of capital for the uses of industry and trade.

As a people, we do not at present stand in need of tax reduction. There are many unforeseeable contingencies, in the next two decades, which may make tax reduction imperative. Sound policy, therefore, urges us to let the tax rates alone, and to strive to increase the yield of the taxes by an improved administration. If next year yields a half billion surplus instead of the $373,000,000 promised by General Lord, so much the better. We can cut off an interest item of nearly twenty millions, to the permanent relief of our budget. Ten such years, if we are so fortunate as to have ten years of prosperity, will make great progress toward relieving us of a debt burden we cannot afford to carry indefinitely.

The Chicago Traction Plan

ON April 7 the people of Chicago will be summoned to pass upon an ordinance providing for ownership by the city of the local transportation system. This is the tangible result of Judge Dever's election as Mayor in April, 1923, by a majority of over 100,000, secured largely by his consistent record in favor of municipal ownership. At that time the New Republic pointed out the danger of hasty and shortsighted action. The city had on hand some $40,000,000, the accumulation of 55 percent of the net receipts of the surface roads, set apart at the time of extending their franchises in 1907 as a fund for their ultimate purchase. It had been decided later that this fund could be used for the building of subways to be leased to the companies. Naturally in view of the inconvenience which the city was suffering as the result of inadequate transportation facilities there was agitation for some undertaking which would permit the alleviation of an almost intolerable situation, especially for the immediate building of subways. There was reason to suspect that this agitation was fostered with a view to committing the city to a plan which would later redound to the advantage of existing interests and the discredit of municipal ownership. This danger was avoided. For two years Mayor Dever and his advisers have patiently negotiated with the representatives of the companies, and the resulting ordinance which passed the City Council with only five dissenting votes and is now to be submitted to the people is the outcome.

The ordinance follows the lines of the plan devised by Alderman Schwartz, and called by his name. Since the city of Chicago has no power to borrow money directly for the purchase of public utilities and can only secure such power by an amendment to the constitution of the state, it is proposed to issue certificates secured by the properties, and bearing interest at five percent. There is a provision that a rate of fare must be maintained sufficient to take care of the interest and a sinking fund to discharge the bonds at thirty to forty years from date. The city will issue these bonds in the amount of $162,843,584 to pay for the surface line properties, $85,000,000 for the elevated properties, and will have the further power to issue $260,301,000 worth of securities to provide for 465 miles of extensions. It is further proposed to build at once three short subways under the Loop district, two running north and south, and one west, to be operated in connection with the elevated lines. These will be built with money from the city treasury on which the transportation system will pay interest. The management of the system will be vested in a Municipal Railway Board of nine, to hold office for nine years, three retiring at the end of each three-year period. Of this board three members will be appointed by the Mayor with the approval of the Council, three by the Certificate Holders' Committee, and three by joint agreement of the two. In case of non-agreement the selection is left to three judges of the Appellate Court of Illinois. When fifty-one percent of the certificates are paid, the Board will be reduced to seven, four of whom will be appointed by the Mayor. The city has the right to erect its own plants in case advantageous contracts cannot be secured with private companies. Finally, as an additional measure of security, should the plan break down and foreclosure result, the foreclosure sale will carry no franchise or right to operate the properties.

In spite of the care which the Mayor and Corporation Counsel have taken to safeguard the interests of the city there is much criticism of the plan on the part of those who have fought the long battle for municipal ownership in Chicago. To understand these objections, it is necessary to take account of certain factors in the situation. First, in Chicago,

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like other cities, transportation by traction is declining, as the result of the private automobile, taxi-cab, and motor bus. Last year the Chicago City Railway Company, which operates the lines on the South Side, showed a falling off in the number of fares collected. In view of this fact it is urged that the price to be paid for the surface lines is too high, based as it undoubtedly is on a swollen valuation. That the representatives of the companies have rallied to the plan is accepted as confirmation of this view. It is even argued that the city in the future may find it impossible to fix a rate of fare which will enable it to meet interest and sinking-fund charges; and that in event of foreclosure the pressure of public necessity will result in allowing the holders of certificates to operate the lines with or without franchises. To be safe in its ownership, it is pointed out, the city should obtain authority from the state constitution to raise its limit of taxation to cover purchases of public utilities. Again, the existing franchises expire in 1927. It is argued that within two years the city would have the companies at its mercy, and could dictate its own terms. Finally, the transportation system of Chicago is dominated by the real estate interests within the Loop, an oblong section of the city enclosed by elevated structures, in which are located the large financial and mercantile establishments. It is said that Yerkes on going to Marshall Field to enlist support for his movement to control local transportation was told that he could have it if he would see that all his cars ran by Field's store. Whether this story is true or not, it is typical. The local traction lines in Chicago exist not to take people where they want to go but to bring them where certain powerful business interests want them to come. Opponents of Mayor Dever's plan assert that the management of the system will remain in the hands of those interests. The very language of the ordinance in specifying "men of recognized high character and standing in the community" excites distrust—it means the old crowd.

There is merit in these objections, but nevertheless the people of Chicago will doubtless vote to sustain the Mayor and Council, and from present indications the vote will be extremely close. For the chief factor in the situation is that Chicago has suffered more through its public transportation than any other metropolitan city in the world. Nowhere else has anything like the same financial and legislative corruption been due to this cause. There was only one Yerkes. There was only one Allen law, a measure for perpetual franchises bought from the Illinois Legislature. In all the degenerate history of the republic no two men were ever subjected to greater pecuniary temptation by the traction interests than Carter Harrison, Jr., Mayor of Chicago, and John B. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois. No community can be sure of having a Harrison or an Altgeld in moments of crisis. Moreover, the public transportation system has deformed the city physically, made it a cripple, enlarged its heart until it is threatened with strangulation And finally the service offered by the surface lines must be the worst in the world because no worse is conceivable. The cars are constructed not primarily to take people anywhere but to force them to pay a tribute of seven cents for the realistic indulgence of the idea that they are going there. The comfort of passengers is at a minimum. Only recently has the safety zone been introduced, and still the lack of coöperation between police and transportation authorities makes the boarding of a surface car in Chicago an occasion for taking out an accident policy. That the well-to-do patronize taxi-cabs and busses and leave the traction cars to the poor and unfortunate classes intensifies this situation.

There is therefore a sentiment in Chicago in favor of municipal ownership which is quite unique and overwhelming. Granted that the robber barons are asking too much. The mistake was in letting them get a hold which they can transform into a holdup, and this is of the past. Better pay through the nose to get them off the streets and out of politics. Undoubtedly it would be more satisfactory to expropriate them at the end of two years, but they would still have the complicity of the judges. To sup with the devil calls for a longer spoon than a court-ridden democracy possesses. If the companies will be without franchises two years from now, the people may be without service—and the latter is the weaker position. It would be the part of safety and economy to buy the lines outright by bonds based on taxation—but a constitutional amendment to this effect in Illinois is unthinkable. And finally, the possibility of the dominance of the Loop real estate interests in the new management is not one which can be effectively put before the public. Therefore it is altogether likely that the people of Chicago will vote Yes on the two propositions to be submitted on April 7—the first as to the ownership of the properties by the city, the second as to their operation by the plan described. In this case everyone will wish them well in an enterprise which will represent municipal ownership of transportation on the largest scale yet undertaken in this country.

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Bobby Jones

A Chimerical Young Man

THE revolutionaries of history are more difficult than the traditionalists to reduce to a sculptural shape or a color scheme or even a pattern of words. Robert Edmond Jones is one of the outstanding and best beloved figures in the American theatre today. His sensitive artistic intelligence, so fluid and so versatile, has been one of its genuinely imaginative influences. The methods and arts of the new stagecraft, now thoroughly implanted on our soil, were first introduced by him from Germany and Reinhardt. From the moment when he made the setting for The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, produced by Granville Barker in 1916, a new æsthetic had established itself, a modernist movement for which Jones is more responsible than any of his numerous followers or rivals in the field. Why then do we not see his mortal shape more often in Vanity Fair? The truth is that even the intimate friends of this innovator scarcely know how he looks, for his looks, like his personality and his achievement in the theatre, are constantly being formed and reformed out of the mutable substance of the times. If he were wholly an æsthete, as his critics declare, we should see a personage far more crystallized. No, Jones is not "wholly" anything, unless it be a mystic. The continuous river of light that runs from age to age beneath the changing surface of things is accessible to him, and he has to follow its flow.

But you may not catch his mystic-monkish look, unless you happen to hear him utter some religious comment on the theatre like a prayer to his God. You are more likely to meet an honest, simple, practical American in the middle thirties, widely known as Bobby, peering out of horn-rimmed spectacles with an air of trustful and effective kindness for his fellows. Or a pallid and limping and exhausted Mephistopheles, lusting for nothing attainable in heaven or hell. Or again a hatchet-faced and melancholy farmer who has had no luck with his crops. As for R. E. Jones, the executive director of the Provincetown Theatre, he might strike you as a rather attitudinized young man if you met him in the foyer, with everything smart and well-cut about him, from his clothes to his profile, his cock's comb of brown hair, his neat tuft of chin beard. But watch him conduct a rehearsal and the attitude dissolves: here is the devoted, somewhat rumpled chief of a close-knit little family, drawing intuitive truth as tenderly and humorously from the souls of his actors as the gentlest father from the most recalcitrant child. And the variability is not in this man an ambiguity, for it is unified by something quintessential. As a friend put it: "I can never remember Bobby's features, but I can't forget his *expression*."

The expression comes subtly but definitely from New England. Robert Frost himself, or Amy Lowell, is not more shrewdly native to the region. No red plush dressing gown, however Titianesque, no witches' brew of the New Mexico primitive, no European charm and ease can conceal the origin of this clipped speech, or hide the glint of granite that pierces through the affable and the malleable, the impressionable and the sophisticated in a personality. All who know Bobby well observe now and then, weeping drearily in a corner, a New Hampshire lad whose conscience tells him he ought to be getting in the hay.

The lad grew up in a grim and lonely farm house, pumpkin yellow as the farm house of Desire Under the Elms. Like all such houses it was full of strong and violent and devotedly cross-grained characters, whose lives made drama every day. Full of books too, but empty of money and worldly resources. The chances that the one Jones boy who was always mooning about instead of doing the chores would become the first American apostle of the new stagecraft must have appeared precarious to the fates. But it seems that a certain sort of talent, disarming, pure of spirit, yet obstinately hard and courageous in its drive always finds itself protectors. The first and most significant of Jones's protectors was his mother, who should have been a concert pianist, had she not been a busy housewife and the mother of an obstreperous family. She somehow helped him to a violin, and excellent lessons in Boston. So "Robert," a weedy high school boy in his chin-breaking white collar, heard it murmured at the village concerts where he figured —with the satisfaction of a born public character— that he was not as other boys. And music was not the only art essential to the theatre that he began to study on the farm. He was always drawing, with materials that dropped like manna from casual strangers. When at last at the age of fourteen, he heard from a visitor from New York that his drawing was "remarkable," that he could "go anywhere," heard in the glamor of a summer night what Europe and painting were like, his lot was cast. Had he realized it, he was half way to Reinhardt at that moment. The six hard-earned years at Harvard, the episodic window-dressing at Gilchrist's, the painful hawking of drawings about New York were inevitable preliminaries to that mad European plunge which carried him to Florence and to Germany.

Two years later a queer, morbid, disjointed creature with a flying reddish beard returned to New York. The coming of this El Greco type made no ripple on the smooth surface of dramatic art. But

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Bobby Jones was not long in getting his chance—the chance already noted to set The Dumb Wife. The veiled and pearly sheen of that stage setting lingers in memory like a strange perfume. The first artistic opportunity is not so different from first love and this had something of pure magic in it, something supernal that Jones has never quite attained since. He painted the scenery and cut and fitted the costumes with his own hands. The success was final and the fortune of a dreamer was made, so far as Broadway could do it. Arthur Hopkins, the most experimental of commercial producers, promptly adopted him as friend, collaborator and genius of the lamp in the realm of stage production, and when later John Barrymore was added to the combination it seemed that nothing could stop these three wonder workers, who flung their jewels at the public in a sort of Renaissance spirit.

The successes of the triumvirate—such as Richard III, The Jest, Hamlet—are recorded and Jones's contribution of solemn, indeed shattering, notes of beauty is important in the record. It was always a personal gift that he made to the Hopkins productions, even when he was setting airy trifles like Good Gracious, Annabel: the gods have endowed him with a delightful grace and urbanity as well as with the sharply tragic or melodramatic perceptions that seem to emanate more naturally from a lonely farm on a New Hampshire hill. He somehow lived always above the splendors of Broadway, he was never caught in their toils. Even his Renaissance backgrounds were built with an economy, an austerity of means. The richness they offered to the eye was one of poetic thought and imagination, rather than of literal and material abundance. Recall any one of his settings: it stands out in memory almost as orchestral accompaniment —lyrical, sonorous, muted as the case may be, but always with something held back. These lights and glooms, these towering shadows, these architectural lines and spaces have not been designed to dazzle or amaze but only to increase the importance of the persons in the play, to draw out their meaning and their secret and make them live redundantly on the stage. So the personages of The Jest moved in a superheated atmosphere of mediæval gorgeousness and cruelty, so the wavering black figure of Hamlet is seen against a background royal yet abstract, where visual imagery somehow shapes the pattern of tragic doom.

The power to dream abstractly has, however, dangers of its own, and during his Broadway period Bobby Jones dwelt continually in an ivory tower, drawing inspiration from his own springs, which bubble up more directly from the unconscious base than those of most creators. Human beings, as he admits, were still "pieces of paper" to him, and he was still enveloped in many coatings of New England snow. Undoubtedly he was moved largely by his own creative urge, and by his need to experiment in a new and unfamiliar form when he tumbled into his first and only cataclysmic failure—Macbeth. Here the fantastic cubism of the sets—Shakespeare in terms of the potent heat and primitive violence of a New Mexico summer—and the pedestrian convention of the actors were separated by a gulf which no audience could bridge.

But the artist had to digest his failure, even if Broadway rejected it. In the process many of his cerements of ice melted away and he probably realized that messages from the unconscious must be censored before they become popular art. But he had an even more crucial revelation which has influenced greatly his subsequent career, and identified him with the theatre of the ages, as distinguished from the glittering temple where so many "scenic artists" are doomed to perish with their decorations. Simply this: the theatre cannot be saved by its backgrounds. It is possible to enhance the weight and glory of a mediocre Shakespearean production or an empty Italian melodrama, it is possible to lift a pretty comedy above its own dead level by a colored or suggestive or distinguished setting. But in so doing you are imperilling a vital art at its source. Beauty is not truth in the theatre. But truth is indubitably beauty, if it be inherent in the reality and life a play reveals.

Reality and life: Jones had met them convincingly in Eugene O'Neill, the most sadistically actual as well as the most symbolic talent among the young American dramatists, and O'Neill, more than anyone else led him to desert Broadway and his esoteric alliance with Hopkins for the dark little streets of Greenwich Village. His present partnership at the Provincetown with O'Neill and Macgowan seems necessary to his progress as a human being and an artist. For here he can do what was not permitted in Macbeth: bring actors and settings into the unity of a personal and sincere inspiration. The little theatre movement is just now, the world over, the door through which are attained—or at least attempted—a freer assaying of subversive material, a deeper verity than box office interests permit. So in order to come into his own, Robert Edmond Jones has had to desert a great stage for a miniature one, he has had to join the toilers and moilers, he has had to bear his share in the unfolding of a humble laboratory experiment.

In the many-sided and semi-executive job which preoccupies him his greatest concern is to help other souls as vulnerable as his own to reveal themselves naïvely on this world of the stage. "Nothing is so positive and so daring as innocence." Bobby's spontaneous speech has a charm and a vivid imagery which recall the talk of William James. How resist a director who feels like "Phaeton conducting the horses of the sun"? "You remember," says Jones with one of his sardonic gleams, "that Phaeton fell."

Whether he is to be Phaeton and fall only to rise again to a new day, or in some sort an American Stanislavsky nobody can say yet, least of all him-

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self. The stage is to him life in heightened form, and the Provincetown has already essayed a considerable number of these life-forms concentrated as drama, a few of which—notably Fashion, Patience and Desire Under the Elms—have left a unique impression on the spectator. To characterize the impression is as difficult as to describe the director's looks. If the latter are unified by an *expression,* the plays are unified by an *atmosphere.* It is not merely that Bobby Jones has a gift for genre—though one must think of him as always in pursuit of such delicious refinements as the ineffable gold and plush piano stool on which Bunthorne sings to the love-sick maidens. No, the Patience of the Provincetown is no more the literal Patience of Gilbert and Sullivan than Strachey's Queen Victoria or Maurois's Ariel are the literal "dear Queen" or the veritable romantic Shelley. It is Patience seen through the eyes of Bobby Jones, who has an original vision, a playful fantasy, and a contagious delight in the material he is dealing with, and who achieves simplicity on the stage at the price of a high degree of sophistication. Patience and Fashion were probably more complete successes than Desire—which is equivalent to saying that these lighter reconstructions out of the past are more malleable and responsive than a realistic-tragic drama to the hand of a director who is also painting a picture, not only behind the actors but with their bodies and souls.

It is a fair guess that Robert Edmond Jones will ultimately return to a big stage and vast audiences —perhaps vaster than any he has yet spoken to. One can see him doing something stupendous in the movies—not in the realm of "motion drama," which has no interest for him, but through the mystical medium of the real moving picture. That is what movies are or should be, he says: *pictures that move.* Imagine a movie composed from a subjective base. Here is a series of pictures—a girl, a rose, a knife and so on—which, as they float across the screen throw an audience into a sort of hypnotic state, immersing every individual in his own self-created rhapsody or terror, through the deep-lying instinctive life they touch. It is not sure that Bobby got his idea "across" to the movie men he recently addressed, but if you hear his winged words you will be lifted into the realm of a new art of vision that seems to be waiting just around the corner of the future.

The future is enigmatic to this artist, as indeed to most. He doesn't know exactly where he is going, but he is sure as a child that he will some day grow up into full maturity and expressiveness. Meanwhile his finest gift to us is, in the last analysis, the gift of a mystic and an artist of pure form. Take the expressionistic Beyond, which was esteemed a dramatic failure. We shall always remember the window over the wide blue world and the firelit love scene, and through them see the play as it might have been instead of as it was. Yes, everything Robert Edmond Jones touches, even in this obscure and pragmatic world of the theatre—where by comparison with what is usually called "pure art" all is trial and error, blind groping, at most quixotic approximation—seems to spring from a source of wonder and brightness.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

(This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Sergeant. The second will appear in an early issue.)

Oil: the Menaced Resource

MORE than three years ago a committee of eminent geologists made calculations which indicated that at the present rate of consumption the oil reserves of the United States —amounting, it was believed, to about 9,150,000,000 barrels—will be used up within twenty years. Of course no informed person expects this to happen, for it is physically impossible to find and exhaust all the possible oil wells within a much longer period than two decades. An approaching oil famine will be preceded by a long-continued rise in prices, by the increasing importation of oil from Mexico and other foreign fields, by the improvement of processes for extracting the oil from shales, and by the commercial production of fuel alcohol on a large scale. But we can either hasten or retard this process by the manner in which we use our oil reserves. At the present time the production, refining and marketing of petroleum and its products is carried on under conditions which are not only ruinous to a great number of those engaged in the industry and unnecessarily expensive to the final consumer, but are almost criminally wasteful of a natural resource which, once gone, can never be replaced.

The system under which petroleum is now obtained is perfectly in accord with the private property rights of every man who happens to own a square yard of land above an oil pool, but it disregards the public interest entirely. If you go to Huntington Beach or Signal Hill in California, Burkburnett in Texas, or any one of a dozen other important fields you will see oil derricks rising like a forest. This is because each owner, having a legal claim to as much oil as he can get up through a hole in his own ground, was obliged, in self-protection, to begin drilling as soon as one or more of his neighbors did. As a result there may be twenty-five or more wells where two or three would have been sufficient for the economical extraction of the oil. Oil wells cost from $5,000 to $100,000 or more. Every unnecessary well either results in loss to its

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owner, or is charged against the price which the final consumer must pay.

But this is not the only loss from this source. In nearly every important field in the United States the oil is being taken out too rapidly, with wastes at the well heads, in storage and in transit. How swiftly the exhaustion of pools takes place is shown by the fact that about half of the total oil product of the United States comes from wells less than a year old, and that 90 percent comes from wells less than five years old. Annual production is kept up only by the continued development of new bonanza pools, such as those at Santa Fé Springs, Long Beach and Dominguez, California, and Tonkawa, Burbank, Powell and Smackover in fields further east.

The wasteful exploitation of wells is only one of a chain of evils. The abrupt fluctuations in supply caused by the ebb and flow of the bonanza output are reflected in market conditions, and these market conditions are aggravated by the policies of large refiners and distributors, who control the major portion of the output, and consequently are able to manipulate retail prices. These companies, with the aid of their large storage facilities, can push prices up when they wish to sell and down when they wish to buy. The producers lose through this manipulation of the market, and the retail consumer, though he may enjoy low prices for a time, always sees the price level go a little higher after each great fluctuation. Ten-cent gasoline today is likely to mean thirty-cent gasoline tomorrow. In 1923 overproduction of the California fields disrupted markets as far east as Pennsylvania, caused the shutting down of smaller wells not only in this country but in places as remote as the Dutch Indies, and led to an unnecessary and wasteful competition between oil and cheap coal. The sale of oil at an abnormally low price is contrary to the best principles of conservation, since it leads in this way to its use where coal should be employed instead. We have an inadequate supply of petroleum for the uses in which there is no substitute. To devote it to other purposes is drawing on a national capital which cannot be replaced.

The seriousness of this situation has been generally recognized. In his letter appointing the Federal Oil Conservation Board, on December 19, 1924, President Coolidge said:

> It is evident that the present method of capturing our oil deposits is wasteful to an alarming degree, in that it becomes impossible to conserve oil in the ground under our present leasing and royalty practices if a neighboring owner or lessee desires to gain possession of his deposits. . . . We are not today, however, facing an undersupply of oil. The production of our 300,000 wells is in excess of our immediate requirements. That overproduction in itself encourages cheapness, which in turn leads to wastefulness and disregard of essential values. Oil, of which our resources are limited, is largely taking the place of coal, the supply of which seems to be unlimited, but coal cannot take the place of oil in most of its higher uses, on land or sea or in the air.

The Conservation Board, which is composed of the Secretaries of the Navy, of War, of Commerce, and of the Interior, announces its purpose as the "elimination of waste" and invites "men who know the facts to come forward and suggest safe lines for remedial action."

Unfortunately suggestions which really go to the root of the existing evils have not met with approval from the large interests which, in a measure, profit from them. The great refiners and distributors occupy somewhat the same position with respect to the public on one hand and the producer on the other that the middleman does in agriculture. They stand to gain by the normal as well as the artificial fluctuations of price. Though they themselves own wells, they are not primarily producers and their interests do not coincide with those of the producers. The remedy must come from the producers themselves, backed, whenever necessary, by the representatives of the public.

Mr. Henry L. Doherty, a distinguished authority in this field, is the author of a proposal for the common operation of pools on principles which may be compared with those adopted by the farmers' cooperative associations, and which also bear some resemblance to the system of water district organization in the arid lands of the West. He recommends that "no land be drilled for oil until opened up by a government permit"; that "all land within drainage distance of existing production shall be opened for drilling"; and that "permission to drill land not subject to drainage shall be granted only when an Oil Exploration District has been formed." Mr. Doherty believes that the federal government has the authority to impose these conditions in the interests of conservation as well as of the national defense. I am convinced that many oil producers will agree with him that this, or an even more drastic degree of regulation, will be necessary if the producers themselves do not act.

The alternative is voluntary coöperation. The simplest way to obtain unit operation of pools—that is, the only method of operation which will yield the best results from the pool as a whole—is for the owners to merge their interests, put down only as many wells as are necessary for efficient development, and divide the returns according to the value of their individual holdings. The same principle holds good for regional fields and for the nation.

National coöperation among oil producers can be obtained by following the traditional lines of representative government. Each oil field within a state should have its committee of producers. Each state should have a committee formed of representatives from the regional committees, assuming, of course, that there are two or more of these committees. Finally, there should be a national committee, or board, which should have

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supervision over the production and distribution of the national supply of petroleum and petroleum products. Representation should be based upon the value of the properties concerned. Thus, California with a production (in 1923) of 262,876,000 barrels, should have proportionately a larger representation than Indiana, with a little more than a million.

The national petroleum committee, with full knowledge of the current facts of production and demand, would be able to prevent such economic crimes as the competition between California oil and eastern coal. It would be able to determine when a given field was overproducing and when it was underproducing. It would be able intelligently to estimate needs in advance, and to make preparation to meet them. Within certain limits the best place to store oil is in the ground, taking it out as it is needed. A national producers' committee would make this policy practicable.

The first objection which suggests itself is that producers undertaking any such project would soon find themselves under indictment for violation of the anti-trust laws. If this is the case the government should give the petroleum well owners the same exemptions that have already been granted farmers and organized labor. In each case an exception was made to the general rule on the ground that a public interest would be served. But there are few economic interests more important to the nation than those depending on oil. Oil is a necessity of farming, of transportation, of industry. It is as basic as steel.

But would an organization of producers, such as I have outlined, ensure that the public interest would be served? Would they not be tempted to put their own advantage first? These questions, I think, can be satisfactorily answered. In the first place the federal and state governments would be represented on the various committees or boards, both as public authorities and, in the case of the federal government, as an owner of extensive oil deposits. Counting the public lands, the naval reserves and the restricted Indian lands nearly one-seventh of the total oil production in the fiscal year 1923-1924 was from fields either owned or controlled by the national government.

In the second place the interests of the 15,000 or 16,000 oil producers are not in monopoly but in stabilization. The monopoly interest is that of the refiners and distributors, who gain by fluctuation, uncertainty and waste. At the worst this plan would be an improvement over present conditions, if only because it would promote more economical methods of getting and distributing oil. Monopoly flourishes only with secrecy and irresponsibility, neither one of which could exist under the coöperative system I have proposed.

I do not anticipate Utopian results. The problem is not to arrive at an absolutely perfect arrangement, but to deal with a crisis which is rapidly becoming acute. The peak of oil production in the United States has probably passed. If our needs increase, or even if they do not decrease, we shall have to draw more and more upon foreign supplies; and these, as the uses of petroleum in other countries develop, will be more and more difficult and expensive to obtain. Every drop of oil wasted is, therefore, a permanent diminution in our national wealth. It brings us nearer an oil famine, which might, as Secretary Work said last January, "paralyze the industrial structure of the nation."

I suggest coöperation, under government auspices and supervision, because I think it more workable in the oil industry than arbitrary government control. Mr. Doherty has said that the value of all the petroleum taken from the ground does not equal the money spent in prospecting and well digging. An industry which can maintain its output only by constant explorations at the risk of ruinous losses cannot be regulated like a railway or a light and power system.

But if the producers will not coöperate, or are not permitted to do so, the government will sooner or later be compelled to intervene.

RALPH ARNOLD.

Supreme Court and Constitution

IT is commonly supposed that the Supreme Court holds Acts of Congress void. This, however, is not so. It merely refuses to recognize them. For, if, in the words of Justice Sutherland,

> . . . *by clear and indubitable demonstration* a statute be opposed to the Constitution we have no choice but to say so. The Constitution by its own terms is the supreme law of the land, emanating from the people, the depository of ultimate sovereignty under our form of government. A congressional statute on the other hand is an act of an agency of this sovereign authority, and if in conflict with the Constitution must fall; for that which is not supreme must yield to that which is. To hold it invalid (if it be invalid) is a plain exercise of the judicial power. This is not the exercise of a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress, for no such substantive power exists. It is simply the necessary concomitant of the power to hear and dispose of a case or controversy properly before the court to the determination of which must be brought the test and measure of the law.

In other words, the Supreme Court does not veto an Act of Congress, but if it is of the opinion that it conflicts with the Constitution, it simply disregards

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it and refuses to enforce it. It must not be supposed however that this is the same thing.

While the Constitution forbids offering a subsidy to an infant industry (Nestle's Food—governmental brand), by clear and indubitable demonstration, it permits the effecting of the same result by exempting it for a time from taxation. Similarly, if, when the legislature prohibits fishing on Sunday on private grounds, its purpose is to protect the Lord's Day, the Constitution forbids, but if the purpose of the legislature is to regulate the taking of fish, the Constitution permits, for then the law is a game law. While it is unconstitutional for the legislature to let holders of property in residential sections impose such restrictions on the property as they wish, it is constitutional for the legislature to create a set of restrictions and then give permission to the holders of such property to dispense with such of them as they wish. Under the Constitution, the legislature is within its rights in limiting the size of billboards if it offers as its excuse that "fires have been started in the accumulations of combustible material gathered about such bill boards," that "offensive and unsanitary accumulations are habitually discovered about them," that "they afford convenient concealment and shield for immoral practices," for then it is improving the public health, safety and morals, a recognized sphere of legislative activity, but it would take a bold legislature to state that its desire was merely to render the landscape more sightly, in other words, that its purpose was merely æsthetic. If a corporation makes profits, the Constitution permits them to be taxed, but not, of course, if they have been converted into stock dividends. Where, under the law of a state, its judges issue injunctions against peaceful picketing as at common law, the Constitution forbids the legislature to change the law, but the judges themselves may accomplish the same result by judicial legislation by simply reversing their former decisions! While the obligation of a contract is too sacred to be impaired by the legislature, it is not protected against impairment by judicial decision. Thus we see that constitutionality consists of just achieving significant form!

Under the Constitution, the Negro has no right to object to Jim Crow cars, or segregation in the public schools, but by clear and indubitable demonstration he has a right to object if the legislature forbids him to acquire title to property in predominantly white residential sections. Similarly, the Constitution approves the regulation of oleomargarine, cheese and ice-cream but not of a loaf of bread. The Constitution gives no right to use the American flag on a bottle of beer in order to attract customers, but presumably the case of George M. Cohan would again be different. A woman has no right to work as long as she wishes. A man has if he is a baker, but not if he is a miner, railway-man or municipal employe. It is also to be observed that a Chinaman in a laundry can be forbidden to work from ten o'clock at night until six o'clock in the morning. An American citizen may have the right to work as long as possible. While the Constitution forbids the state to fix the rate of wages, minimum or maximum, it permits it to prescribe the character, method, and time of payment of wages. An American citizen has the right to work for as little as possible. Thus we see that constitutionality is perhaps the doctrine of unnatural rights. . .

In 1801, the Supreme Court, by clear and indubitable demonstration, held an income tax law constitutional. In 1898, by clear and indubitable demonstration, it held an income tax law unconstitutional. Thus, too, in 1868, it held legal tender acts unconstitutional. In 1870, it held them constitutional. In 1885, it held restriction of hours of labor constitutional. In 1904, it held it unconstitutional. In 1923, it held it constitutional again. Constitutionality, then, is perhaps a matter of fashion.

When the Railway Brotherhood declared its intention to strike, and Congress passed the Adamson Law, fixing (among other things) wages pending the investigation of a commission, in the danger of a national calamity that might result from tying up the arteries of the nation (statesmen's English for "railroads"), it appeared that the Constitution did not stand in the way. When housing conditions in New York City and the District of Columbia became intolerable, and the legislature of the state and Congress passed rent laws, practically depriving landlords of control over their property, the air being full of the threat of riot and tenants' Marseillaises, it appeared that the Constitution did not vitiate the legislation. The Constitution, then, by clear and indubitable demonstration may be violated temporarily—in an emergency!

In New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia, it is unconstitutional for the legislature to prohibit the use of trading stamps; in the District of Columbia and Massachusetts it is constitutional for the legislature to prohibit the use of trading stamps. In New York and Texas, it is unconstitutional to get at ticket scalping: but it is constitutional in Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania. In Illinois and New Hampshire it is unconstitutional to compel a property owner to clean the sidewalks in front of his house; however, in Indiana, Massachusetts and New York, he may be compelled to do so. In Michigan, the declaratory judgment is unconstitutional: in New York, it is constitutional. In Illinois, Louisiana, and Wisconsin, the Constitution does not make it permissible to read the Bible in the public schools; in Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Texas, the Bible may be read in the public schools. Thus, we see that constitutionality is a concept that is geographical, depending on the locus in quo.

It is for the judiciary to determine the nature and scope of the powers granted under the Constitution to the legislative department of government, for, obviously, the legislative body cannot (even as a

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mere matter of logic) be made the judge of the nature and scope of its own powers. In the words of Marshall:

> It would be giving to the Legislature a practical and real omnipotence with the same breath which professes to restrict their powers within narrow limits.

But naturally, it is not for the legislature to determine the nature and extent of the powers of the judiciary. The judiciary may determine the nature and extent of its own powers without imperilling the Constitution. Thus, the judiciary determines, for instance, whether it can be deprived of some of its equity powers by limiting its right to issue injunctions in labor disputes, whether its power to punish for contempt can be curtailed by the granting of a jury trial to the accused in such cases, and finally, and incidentally, whether an income tax can be imposed on the salaries of judges. . . .

If there be grave doubts as to the constitutionality of a statute, the Supreme Court is always anxious to remove them. Its custom is to remove these doubts effectively by holding the statute unconstitutional.

The Supreme Court labors to protect the people against possible encroachments of government. It might be said that the people show their gratitude occasionally by amending the Constitution to permit the very encroachment against which they had been thus protected. Since, however, statutes are only held unconstitutional by clear and indubitable demonstration, this cannot be properly assumed. The people, rather, must be taken to be justifying and approving the opinions of the judges on resisting the encroachment. As one law writer has put it, with reference to the Sixteenth Amendment:

> This amendment followed the judgment of the majority of the Court that the Constitution as it stood did not contemplate or permit an income tax. . . .

It is thus seen that the true significance of the passing of an amendment is to be found in the desire of the people to give the judges (of the majority) a clear and indubitable token of approval!

The Constitution, in the words of an early enthusiast, is undoubtedly, "the most wonderful work ever struck off at any given time by the brain and purpose of man."

WILLIAM SEAGLE.

Burlesque

AN ancient gentleman in uniform rips my ticket with accustomed fingers and mutters the direction of my seat. The theatre is old and weary. Smoke rises thickly to its wrinkled ceiling. An indifferent woman, frozen of eyes and careful of color, guides me to a rheumatic chair.

About me only men and boys, the rattle of newspapers, an occasional splash of tobacco juice, loud laughter. Once an obscene curse cuts through the air. On my left an Italian puffing at a reluctant cigar; on my right a milkman, blue-overalled, rosy-cheeked, relating with unabashed glee to an eager comrade his latest erotic experience. A white-coated youth, basket on arm, jingles his way up the aisle.

"Cigars, Gents! Smokes! Cigars and cigarettes!"

The musicians creep from beneath the stage. Lights twinkle in greeting; music portfolios are opened. Drums roll. Instruments clear their throats with experimental melodies. The long-haired director swings his violin to his chin. From the rear of the house, a sudden shout, "Hats off, Gents! Hats off!"

The overture bangs out. Bodies wriggle into comfort. Programs whisper importantly. Late comers hustle behind the ushers, while regular patrons walk nonchalantly to their friendly seats, greeting each other with sly nods; old men these, bald, watery-eyed, with flabby-fingered hands and flabby-lipped mouths.

The lights duck their heads for an instant. The cymbals clash a brazen welcome. The conductor fiddles valiantly. The curtain rolls up and twenty chorus girls prance uncertainly about the stage singing, "We are the chicks from gay Paree!"

The rosy-cheeked milkman spits his disgust, "God, what a mess of prunes!" The men about him grin at each other in sheepish sympathy.

The ingenue dances out from the wings, young, happy, with mischievous feet and a raucous voice. The prima donna treads a stately descent from the rear of the stage. She is big-bodied, with legs winking roguishly from slit skirts.

The gabble of mechanical dialogue. There is to be a house party and two very distinguished guests are expected. Be nice to them, girls! Give them a good time! Why here they are now!

The orchestra leaps in hysterical excitement. The lady principals point and the two comedians gallop onto the stage.

Laughter, genuine, delighted laughter welcomes them, shrieks at their ludicrous clothes, overflowing pants, shrunken hats, enormous noses, elongated shoes, black bow ties giggling about collarless necks.

Expert, droll slapstick comedy. The Count No-Change and the Baron Bum smite each other, greet the guests, insult the hostess, squeeze a few of the fair chicks, quarrel with each other, make up, dance together and disappear.

The milkman's waning interest revives. The

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prima donna appears, clad in revealing tights and sings her way up and down the stage, voicing loudly the overwhelming happiness at her prospective return to her lonely mammy who is waiting somewhere down in Alabammy. She smiles her joy at men who are blind to the light in her eyes. Behind her, the chorus lift their knees and voices in ragged accompaniment.

The musicians blow and scrape and bang, eyes glued to music, their bodies silent and at rest, sated with the repeated displays of legs and thighs and breasts.

The chorus retire and at the yelp of hungry applause, reappear with unsurpassed alacrity. The homesick prima donna now essays a dance, a belly wriggle with swaying knees. Sharp, shrill whistles from the hanging gallery.

A young man does a buck and wing upon the stage. The music dances with him, laughing joyously at his merry feet. Sudden acrobatics, backflips, expert casual stunts keeping surprising time to the lilting step. Triumphant eyes nodding complacent thanks to hearty applause.

The ingenue sings a ballad in a romantic mood and repeats it without coaxing, and leaves the stage with sagging smile.

Count No-Change and Baron Bum reappear loudly. They are in dreadful straits. They have no money. They are hungry, in fact they are starving. They indicate the degree of their starvation. Suddenly the Baron dives to the floor. A hundred dollar bill! The noblemen embrace in continental style. They leap with excitement. They smack each other. Eats! Oh, Boy! Are they going to eat! The ladies appear. Ah! Women! Beautiful women! They must have women! Sly smirks at the audience, clutching of delighted hands, bending of joyous knees. The women smile acceptance. The Baron falls on his face as he takes his lady's arm. The Count stumbles over the prima donna's train. She lifts it from the floor. He is blinded by the revelation of her shapely legs and collapses and is dragged from the stage.

The chorus reappear with breasts chastely concealed by costumes fastened at the neck, but with thighs and buttocks revealed. With coy unconcern they sing of a gay señorita and dance and turn, and dance and turn again, while a young man with an undiscouraged smile and greased hair, leads them in their steps and is himself quite completely ignored.

Scene follows scene. Skilled ability enhaloes the Baron. He dances grotesquely. He whistles. He delivers a monologue. The house roars its approval. Repeated bows; careful, calculating eyes, an encore and still another, and then a final reluctant exit.

A lingerie display. The individual members of the chorus appear as models. With gracefully outstretched hands, they parade about, while the Count and Baron make pointed remarks about each article, clasp ravished hands, roll delighted eyes and waggle ecstatic knees.

Again an interlude, a comedy quartette of all the male actors, including the Count No-Change and the Baron Bum. They chant harmonious ditties of a young lady with a wooden leg and an old maid who was very thin. The flabby old men in the front rows are vigorous in their desire for more.

The bathing scene. The ingenue appears in a kimona and complains of the naughty, naughty men at the beaches, while the chorus clad in one piece bathing suits pose daintily. After repeated urging, the reluctant ingenue opens the kimona to display her own lavish figure to the audible delight of the whistling gallery.

The principals appear. The Baron and the Count wave goodby and the curtain descends wearily.

About me, men and boys struggle for the aisles, the chatter of baseball and the latest boxing scandal, and in the lobby a crowd pausing to stare at the beckoning pictures of the imported chicks.

I buy a newspaper and glance casually at the first page as I walk along and, suddenly, my eyes focus on a single item. I stop short to read:

"Damaged Goods, the photoplay version of Brieux's play, featuring Richard Bennett was ordered withdrawn by the mayor this morning following a conference at his office which was attended by representatives of various religious bodies and women's organizations. It is believed that other cities will also bar the picture."

I look up and facing me is the gallery entrance. Giggling boys stand in the doorway discussing the chicks from gay Paree, and directly over their heads is the single word, painted in black—*Burlesque*.

R. L. LURIE.

Theatre, Concert Hall and Gallery

MR. DEEMS TAYLOR'S Looking-Glass Suite, played here in March by the Philharmonic and on the way to becoming a popular favorite, has a real distinction of inobviousness. The live flowers, the looking-glass insects, the slithy toves—none of these is quite what one would have expected: Mr. Taylor has reimagined them in music so as to give them a new reality. His character of the White Knight is especially interesting. Mr. Taylor provides the Knight with two themes—one "a sort of instrumental prance, the Knight's own conception of himself as a slashing, dare-devil fellow," the other "bland, mellifluous, a little sentimental—much more like the Knight as he really is." When the Knight falls out of the saddle—as, of course, he invariably does—the first of these has to give way to the second. The effect is charming and poignant. In the end, "the Knight rides off, with Alice waving her handkerchief—he thought it would encourage him if she did." And Mr. Taylor's manipulation of these ideas is exceedingly sensitive: none of his effects is overdone. The

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wit, though ingenious (the death of the Jabberwock), is not allowed to run away with the music and the tenderness, which might carry the composer too far beyond the confines of the looking-glass world, is never overindulged.

If there is any criticism to be made of Mr. Taylor's suite, it is perhaps that it is a little lacking in strangeness: the little tunes which constitute his themes seem a trifle too familiar in character: they seem a little deficient in the suggestion of "Alice moving under skies Never seen by waking eyes." No doubt Mr. Taylor has felt the propriety of choosing simple rather than bizarre material but, though the Alice books are, of course, first of all, very amusing children's stories in the taste of a nice English nursery, they are at the same time among the most successful pieces of dream literature ever written and probably owe their hold upon the grown-up imagination as well as upon the child's not merely to their cleverness but also to the fascination of the dream world to which they introduce us. Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, unlike many other children's stories—especially children's stories of their period—are not manuals of sweetness and good manners: they are really nightmares. They are, if not what the Freudians call dreams of fear, at least what they call dreams of apprehension. One is never sure of what is going to happen next and what happens is usually what one would rather have not had. The Jabberwock, which to Mr. Taylor is little more than a toy dragon, seemed terrifying to me when I first read about it as a child: the poem, with its wonderful reproduction of the effect of words read in a dream—at once familiar-looking and unintelligible—seemed as ominous as some of the equally incomprehensible ballads in Percy's Reliques. Who has not been disturbed by the White Queen who screams with pain the moment before she pricks her finger? In this last episode, the voice of the Queen turns into the bleating of a sheep; Alice finds herself in a dark little shop with the Sheep knitting behind the counter; she tries to look at the things on the shelves, but the shelf she looks at is always empty, whereas the others are crowded; then they are in a boat—the Sheep's knitting needles have turned into oars; Alice tries to pick the scented rushes of the stream but they melt away like snow in the boat; then her oar catches and she is thrown off the seat and they are back in the shop—the Sheep insists upon knowing what she wants to buy; she decides she will take an egg and the Sheep tells her she must get it herself; she gropes toward it but the nearer she goes the further it seems away, etc. I remember that when I read this chapter—one of the least popular and one of the most dream-like in the Alice books—it affected me as disconcertingly and as queerly as if it were an actual dream. And in general nothing could exceed the perversity and rudeness of the creatures whom Alice meets—the Duchess, the Frog Footman, the Mad Hatter, the Red Queen. Even when they have the appearance of being friendly, one can never be certain of what they are going to do next. But in general Alice is not so helpless as she is in the Wool and Water chapter. She is able to stand up to them; to the unknown, uncertain world of the imagination of childhood, she opposes the character of a good little English girl, sensible, self-confident, well-bred but not willing to be put upon, not easily frightened. When the Court becomes obstreperous and threatens her, at the end of Alice in Wonderland, she shouts "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" and breaks the spell of the dream. When, at the end of Through the Looking-Glass, the banquet guests behave in the same way, she seizes the edge of the table-cloth and sweeps them all to the floor. It is perhaps in this balance between the thrill of the unknown and the reassurance of British good sense, as well as in their wit and their excellent style, that the success of the Alice books lies.

One finds in the new edition of the Ziegfeld Follies what one would never have thought to see there: systematic satire. Mr. Ziegfeld has incorporated in his new show, along with the conventional Follies numbers, a series of sketches from The Comic Supplement, an entertainment by J. P. McEvoy tried out by Mr. Ziegfeld in Newark but not brought to New York in its entirety. Mr. McEvoy is the author of The Potters and a caricaturist of the school of Sinclair Lewis; and his Comic Supplement, though enlivened with the bright costumes of Mr. Norman-Bel-Geddes and made amiable by such agreeable persons as Ray Dooley and W. C. Fields, is fundamentally as harsh as his hideous realistic comedy. Mr. McEvoy, by rewriting as if it were real what in the funny papers is unconscious and conventional, makes it almost intolerable: and he is still realistic rather than fantastic. We have a picnic with picnickers camping on the lawn of a private house, stealing the flowers, ruining everything in sight and finally breaking in and carrying off the furniture; or a man tries to go to sleep on a back-porch in a chain-swing which is continually slipping down and is driven almost insane at being disturbed every other moment by the iceman, the milkman, the baby or the family disputes. When Mr. McEvoy writes a spooning scene, he so emphasizes the banalities of the lovers that not even the grace of Vivienne Segal and a charming set of purple and green can make it sympathetic. I should say that Mr. McEvoy was a man with bad nerves who had an acute sense of the ugliness of American life but had not yet got much beyond it. But what is remarkable is that he should have become, not only the author of a popular comedy, but a collaborator in the Follies, where the humor has in general in the past been notoriously mechanical and crude. One is almost ready to believe that American audiences have nerves on edge like Mr. McEvoy and that they are beginning to feel the same dissatisfaction.

There were shown in March at the Wildenstein Galleries fourteen fine Toulouse-Lautrecs. One has heard Toulouse-Lautrec called cynical—probably by Mr. Arthur Symons, who in his later years has developed a mania for thinking everything sinister. But these paintings are not the work of a satirist. The types which Toulouse-Lautrec gives us are effete enough, to be sure: terrier-faced Parisian men sitting over dominoes and absinthe in cafés; Parisian women bien maquillées, with turned-up noses and unnaturally red hair, faces illuminated as livid masks by the green gas-lights of the Moulin Rouge—or posing wearily in shabby peignoirs, complexions pasty and dull in the daylight, heavy, common, yet with the fineness of the city in their slanting black eyes; dingy crowds at the popular balls, apparitions of the music-hall footlights, insipid gentlemen in opera-hats talking to gaily dressed figurantes. And the artist has sketched them with an astringent line in astringent pinks, yellows and greens which have a slight suggestion of poison. Yet the impression one derives from these pictures is of a real passion felt for the subjects, an invincible taste for them as they are: it is the love of the city.

EDMUND WILSON.

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"SPRING THAT SWELLS THE NARROW BROOKS"

Snake Poem

Now it is Spring in the Southwestern country,
The mountains are incredible with snow,
And in complete, insidious fascination,
Young snakes move to and fro.

They never cease their garnet, lidless looking,
The beautiful young snakes; their purposeful tread
Carries their slenderness through the hot sunshine,
Till they are dead.

They never forget that snakes can never find refuge,
Young snakes remember the ancient mystery,
They flow like water through a narrow channel,
To an appointed sea.

MARGARET LARKIN.

In Sorrow

Soon the thoughtless vandal
Again will make them dwindle,
Whose sight is a caress,
Whose sin is loveliness:
Imperial marsh mallow,
Striding through the shallow;
Fugitive Mayflower;
Misty virgin's bower;
Jewel-weed and spotted
Azalea; hot-hearted
Columbine and tansy;
Trillium, wood-pansy;
Starry amaryllis;
Early-blown faun-lilies;
Plumes of mountain laurel,
Humble yellow sorrel,
Purple flame of asters,
Pepper-bush's clusters,
Golden-twining dodder,
Melilot, and madder.
Their sin is loveliness,
Their presence a caress:
With no one to defend them,
How long before men end them?

CLEMENT WOOD.

Poetry

An image-dance of change
Throngs my dim-sighted flesh.
To Music's air-built mesh
Move thoughts forever strange.

I am so woven of sense
And subtlety uncharted
That I must vanish hence
Blind-souled and twilight-hearted,
When death the hooded lover
Visits my house of clay
And life-lit eyes discover
That in the warbling grey
I have been early waking,
And while the morn was breaking
Have stolen afield to find
That secrecy which lies
Beyond the streams and skies
And cities of the mind.

Till then, only I strive
That, living, I may not lose
The wonder of being alive,
Nor Time's least gift refuse.
And, though the end be night,
This wonder and this white
Astonishment of sight,
Make hours of magic shine
And heaven's a blaze and bloom
Of transience and divine
Inheritance of doom.

SIEGFRID SASSOON.

Bermuda Sonnets

I—Easter Morning

They bring—while fields are chiming with soft notes
Of the arisen lilies—from white pods
Smell-less offerings to anæmic gods;
As earth, resurgent, trumpets at their throats
To hail her gods of the first dark surmise—
Who parted waters with a glistening tusk
And came out with the privy stars at dusk
To trouble rivers with their small fierce eyes.

They gather at the cross, whose haggard sign
Impends in the moon-ushered dawn—that leans
In rose and ivory on tender greens
Of new corn covering an old design,
And lights the brown rapt faces who keep tryst
With all the dark bright gods that they name Christ.

II—Caesar

Last night . . young Doctor Teak saw Christene home.
(Skin, dusk-gold as guavas at the turning,
Smoulder of her eyes like the tossing loam
When a shovel gives it to the burning.)
As lavender and ebony he strode—
So close the flowing darkness of Christene,
The wind itself could not have passed between—
His parish tipped its hats along the road.

To-night . . who would have thought his heart was weak. .
He'll sleep in earth . . while balsams, wet with rain,
Smell pungent-sweet as though Christene had lain
All night upon them as upon his sleep.
The parish speeds such matters . . in this heat
That spoils life's fumbling courtesies like meat.

LOLA RIDGE.

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On My Orchard, Just Pruned

Someone came through these trees that yesterday
Wore limbs like cloudy spires, and now
There is as much of bough
On gray
Turf as on tree.
There was a warpage and an overgrowth;
His saw has ended both.
As though renewing rain had washed them free
Of branch that warred with branch, these trees lift slender
New, ardent arms. All unobtrusively
Smooth rondures of ringed whiteness show
Where steel cut clean what lies below.

This was a strangely tender
Destroying angel, making youth with knives,
With severance of life from life, new lives!

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

Pity of the Heavens

Light all day from heaven was streaming,
But the last hour gathered earth with light,
Seeping the darkened air with a blue color.
And now the stars from the lofty brow of the night
Regard the earth, regard the withering land;
And now fair snow comes dropping over her bosom,
Sky touching earth with a chaste hand.

Earth bears no more the print of her creatures' feet,
Dark breast, no more the glittering waters start;
The hare and the doe are uncherished in the wood,
She is numb, there is bitter armor on her heart.

But how profoundly would the heavens caress her,
With pity that hardly is reckoned from eye to eye,
And mouth on mouth is untold.
The amity of the skies has left their touch
So light, so pure, so cold.

O bosom carven upon the roses and pleasures,
Heaven cannot unlock your passions and your mirth,
But have you not perceived those eyes mournful and bright,
How you are cherished by the countenance of the skies,
Is it not much, O earth?

LÉONIE ADAMS.

April's Amazing Meaning

April's amazing meaning doubtless lies
  In tall, hoarse boys and slips
Of slender girls with suddenly wider eyes
  And parted lips;

For girls must wander pensive in the spring
  When the green rain is over,
Doing some slow inconsequential thing,
  Plucking clover;

And any boy alone upon a bench
  When his work's done will sit
And stare at the black ground and break a branch
  And whittle it

Slowly; and boys and girls, irresolute,
  Will curse the dreamy weather
Until they meet past the pale hedge and put
  Their lips together.

GEORGE H. DILLON.

Washington Notes

THEORETICALLY, the men who own, edit or control the newspapers of the country are bigger, more broadminded and clearer visioned than the rest of us. That is the theory of it. At least it does seem that unless they were convinced of their qualifications the gentlemen who control the sole channels through which information about public affairs can reach the masses of the people would hardly have the hardihood to publish, day in and day out, their pious editorials, pontifically pointing the way to governmental righteousness and reform. Nor, unless that theory is accepted, does it seem possible that the public, without protest, would permit them to do so. If both the newspaper proprietors and the public were intelligent, logical and analytical, they would naturally have to reason along these lines. Of course, the facts are that neither side bothers about reasoning one way or the other, but proceeds about its business with only an occasional flare-up and a vague feeling that, perhaps, the situation is all wrong.

Now, far be it from me to assert that most of those who dominate the daily press do not measure up to the theory. Perhaps they do. All I am venturing here to say is that when once a year these gentlemen assemble at the annual meetings of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, in New York, it takes considerable discernment to detect their superior qualifications.

For a good many years, as the owner of a small town paper with an Associated Press franchise, I used to travel East to these meetings, and I am free to say that duller, drearier and less profitable gatherings have never come under my observation. It takes, for instance, a stronger imagination than mine, to conceive of drawing spiritual inspiration from Frank B. Noyes, the dominating head and factor of all Associated Press gatherings. Mr. Noyes is an eminently respectable person of spotless reputation and unblemished character, but when you consider the drab and colorless course of the Washington Star, its consistent affection for the current administration, whatever it may be, and its complete lack of initiative and force, it is hard to regard Mr. Noyes as the sort of superman in whose hands should be lodged the great power of moulding public opinion. The truth is these newspaper owners who gather this month are primarily business men, and their annual meetings are commercial affairs. The high duty and responsibility of providing accurate and complete information and sound opinions based on facts, may be in their hearts and heads, but those are not the subjects most discussed at the annual meetings.

It would be possible to write indefinitely along this line. I am full of burning thoughts, but there is neither room nor time to express them. It is a big subject—none bigger nor more basic. The curious way in which I got on it today, however, was in thinking of the coming speech which Mr. Dawes is scheduled to make at the luncheon of the Associated Press at the Waldorf the last of this month. It is announced that this is to be the first of a series of speeches the new Vice-President will make before Congress again meets, in which he will explain to the American people just how silly the Senate and its age-old rules are.

Now when in the light of recent events you consider that Mr. Dawes, presented to this audience of the most powerful men in America by the highly respectable and admiring

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Noyes, will beyond question not only be received with well-nigh unanimous acclaim, but, in almost all the newspapers there represented by their owners, Mr. Dawes's words and ideas will be endorsed, and the man himself editorially commended and extolled, there is cause for sadness and regret.

Because the truth is Mr. Dawes does not deserve newspaper commendation or endorsement and applause at this time, and he would be a better man and a better public servant if he did not get it. It would improve Mr. Dawes's usefulness to the public if he were made to feel that just now he is neither an heroic nor an admirable figure. Undoubtedly, he has good qualities and some ability, although just as undoubtedly the latter has been considerably overrated. If some of this shaky belief in himself as a bold, dashing and Rooseveltian fellow, whose rôle in politics is to lecture others on their delinquencies and shortcomings, could be taken from him, his good qualities would become more obvious to the discerning, and himself less ridiculous and offensive. If the unvarnished truth is told, Mr. Dawes made an exhibition of himself, in two short weeks, unparalleled for lack of dignity and judgment. He left Washington without having gained either great liking or much respect from those who came into contact with him. It would seem that Mr. Dawes, himself, would not want immediately to begin such a campaign as he has outlined, that he would want a period of peace and quiet, during which the memory of his harangue to the Senate and his costly nap at the Willard might fade.

Notwithstanding the personal discomfiture he suffered for a few days, the reason Mr. Dawes does not feel either hesitancy or embarrassment in following up his original assault on the Senate with a series of assaults during the spring and summer, is exactly because of his well-founded conviction that, from an overwhelming proportion of the press, he will receive commendation and not criticism. I can state it as a fact that Mr. Dawes, personally, was most apprehensive as to the way the country would take his failure to be on his own job in the Senate after so blatantly berating senators for not sticking to theirs. He was genuinely scared and quite blue for a number of days. So were his secretaries and publicity men. They fully expected he would be generally and thoroughly criticized by newspapers all over the country, and they were genuinely surprised that the criticism did not materialize. In high delight, his friends and employes point out that his clipping bureaus collected only one really hot and hostile editorial, and that from a southern newspaper. All the rest were complimentary and commendatory.

With a rebound, Mr. Dawes regained his assurance and cast his apprehensions to the wind. He knows that the effect in Washington of his performance was bad, but in the country he has reason to think it good. Hence, with press support assured in advance, a campaign to vindicate himself and his stand on the rules becomes not only desirable but feasible. He makes his start the last of this month, and unless Associated Press luncheons have changed greatly since I attended, he will strike a responsive chord and make a great hit.

There is no ground for believing that the same combination in the Senate that rejected Mr. Warren will be formed when Congress meets next winter to reject Mr. Woodlock, whom Mr. Coolidge has given a recess appointment to the Tariff Board after the Senate had twice failed to confirm. There will be opposition to Mr. Woodlock, but it will be largely on geographical grounds rather than on the score of his fitness for the place, and the Democratic leaders are not inclined to make a party matter of the fight. The South has insisted upon representation on the board but southern senators have been unable to agree upon a candidate, although they were given an opportunity. Democratic leaders of the Glass and Underwood type are not apt to join in a fight for rejection of any other presidential appointments, unless an issue involving a vital principle is raised as was the case with Mr. Warren.

While Mr. Woodlock's Wall Street alliances do not commend him to the senators who voted against Warren, they are not regarded as sufficient to justify another stand-up and drag-out fight. It is appreciated that, if the Senate is to be controlled on vital issues by the same combination that defeated Warren, that combination must not attempt to function except on vital issues. An appearance of mere partisan opposition to presidential appointments upon the part of the Democrats would hurt them, not Mr. Coolidge. So personally, I have little doubt that Mr. Woodlock will stay on the board and draw the salary.

It seems true that the railroad statements, as a whole, both in gross and net earnings, are going to show a slump as compared with the statements for February and March of last year. This, coupled with the recent receivership of the St. Paul Road, may be taken as a sure indication that there will be the strongest sort of resistance upon the part of the roads to the proposed cut in rates on farm products. Knowing a little of the present feeling of the Administration and the present make-up of the Interstate Commerce Commission, my prediction is that there will be no cut.

As to legislation affecting the railroads at the next session, all it is necessary to do is point out, as did Senator Norris on the floor of the Senate, that the railroads have exchanged for Senator La Follette, the man of all others whom they hated and feared, as Chairman of the great Committee on Interstate Commerce, Senator "Jim" Watson, of Indiana, the man of all others in the Senate whom they prefer.

"If," said Senator Norris, speaking of Watson's appointment, "they had combed the United States from one end to the other with a fine tooth comb, they could not have found a man who suits them better than the senator from Indiana," and that is certainly the truth.

Fundamentalism has given way to real estate as William Jennings Bryan's present interest. Everybody has heard how the state of Florida is being sold over and over, the ink on one deed not being dry before another deed is made; with subdivisions puffing up like mushrooms over night.

The return of Senator Robert M. La Follette brings the story that Bryan has been getting $5,000 per week to be at Coral Gables, a suburb of Miami, and speak for twenty minutes each noonday. A rival real estate crowd tried to induce Senator La Follette at the same figure to speak at a rival subdivision for the same space of time. The Senator from Wisconsin did not accept, although admitting he would like the money. The crowd which Bryan has been getting serves as a market for the realtors in disposing of their subdivision lots. Like the audience of the village preacher they come to scoff but remain to pay.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Future of the Southwest

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Duffus's sound and well-informed article on the Colorado river. But though Mr. Duffus makes it plain that he understands the significant evasion behind the phrase "All American Canal," for the sake of the reader not acquainted with the facts, it seems to me that the nature of this evasion should be plainly stated. For if you will look at your map you will instantly see that the power and water of the Colorado could only be made "All American" by violating our treaty obligations with the Republic of Mexico. Not only is the delta of the Colorado owned by Mexico, but much valuable land and all the deep-sea transportation rights, all of which are protected by treaties voluntarily entered into by the United States.

We had two distinct opportunities to have acquired all these inestimable rights; once at the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, once at the time of the Gadsden purchase. Recently the author tried, and failed, to interest the public in the possibility of acquiring these lost privileges by purchase at a time when it could have been done legally and with the consent, and probably to the great advantage, of the Mexican people. We lost all these opportunities through a quality of shortsightedness, *moral* as well as intellectual, which is becoming our name word among the nations of the earth, a characteristic American inability to see further than the flap of our pocketbooks.

In saying this I am not concurring in the general foreign opinion that Americans are greedy and money-mad. I hardly think we care more for money, *as* money, than other peoples of the earth. But we are clever only about money. About other things, even things no further away than the bottom of those same pockets, we are plain, blank ignoramuses. We lost the Colorado delta because we lacked the wit, at the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, to provide ourselves with a competent geographical survey of the boundary we accepted. We omitted to secure the delta by purchase, when we had the opportunity, because we believed then as now, that anything beyond the ends of our noses was "poetic" and therefore "impractical." This is so characteristic of us that Mr. Duffus himself apparently inclines to believe that my own attempts to forecast the cultural possibilities of the Southwest are "poetical" simply because they are based upon all that we have been able to discover of the influence of climate, topography and ethnology on cultural evolution.

There seems no doubt, as Mr. Duffus suggests, that private and local interests are driving hard for the Boulder Dam scheme. But it is also certain that these private interests are aware that their only hope of success lies in the continued ignorance of the American people as to the full significance of the Colorado river project as a whole, and its relation to the country at large. Two more deliberate items of hokum could hardly have been devised, even in a city whose principal output is hokum, than the phrases "All American Canal" and Representative Swing's "God planned that Mexico should get what water was left after we got through with it." Much more frank, both of them, than any of the bunk by which William Hohenzollern led his sheep into the ghastliest war of all history. Not that the rest of the country would actually permit Southern California to plunge us into a Mexican war over the Mexican rights to the Colorado river. What I wish to emphasize is that, in view of recent outstanding examples, the very fact that the Boulder Dam scheme is covered and defended by two such flagrant examples of moral bunk, should be a danger signal to the rest of us, as unmistakable as the yellow ensign of the department of public health.

The Colorado river and its appurtenances is a national asset. The district which, in its totality of power and water, it might, if properly handled, affect favorably, is about equal to the republic of France. Within this district lie all the possibilities of a great and powerful regional culture, one in which we all have a potential stake. Its development should call for time and thought; not only engineering thought, but profound inquiry into all the factors which may prove contributory to making it what it probably is, our one best bet in the direction of realizing the utmost potentiality of the American idea. And I cannot but regard it as ominous that it should be hurrying toward accomplishment under phrases subversive of treaty rights and offensive to our whole moral profession, with, at the same time, the element of private interest so much to the fore.

There is no doubt, as Mr. Duffus explains, that the Boulder Dam project as now advocated, would favor Southern California, which is to say the city of Los Angeles, to the probably permanent disadvantage of the rest of the Colorado district. And in the history of the Owens Valley Water project, we have seen exactly what happens when the interest of Los Angeles is at stake. The writer was living in Owens Valley at the time and saw it happen just as it threatens to happen with the Colorado. First there was the motivation of private interests, spreading even to departments of the federal government in ways that the city has consistently failed to clear up; next, the manufacture of hokum by which moral issues were obscured and the coöperation of the public secured; then the steady diversion of the waters from food producing lands to the establishment of urban properties, and a culture which is parasitic economically, and without, so far, any compensating quality. And if we can't find in the existing culture of Southern California, compensation for the sacrifice of Owens Valley, how are we going to recoup on any loss of natural development elsewhere in the Southwest, which must follow on the absorption by Los Angeles of more than its just share of the Colorado river?

Leaving out the question of international complications such as might result from a mishandling of the situation, this problem of the future of the Southwest is one in which the future of American culture is intimately bound up. The instinct of Arizona to halt operations until the consciousness of the American people can grapple with it is sound, and should have the support of thoughtful citizens all over the country. Twenty years ago, when the city of Los Angeles began to divert the water of Owens river, I made two prophecies. One of them has, within a few months, been fulfilled by the dynamiting of the aqueduct by the Owens Valley farmers, and the forced arbitration over that wholly illegal act forced on the city by the profounder moral right of the farmers, so profound that even Los Angeles dare not publicly ignore it. The other prophecy, made at that time, was that it is not in human society to resist the deep-seated factors of cultural evolution, such as I have tried to describe and illustrate in The Land of Journeys' Ending. The prophecy was to the effect that if the city evaded the rights of the farmers, presently the land itself would speak. This is not poetry. It is not even prophecy in the sense that it proceeds from any supernormal or hifalutin faculty. It is a plain deduction from known facts and measured forces, which I have not space here to explain, which enables me to say with reasonable confidence that if the Boulder Dam project is hurried through on its present basis, it will eventually be found that it will all have to be remade in less than a hundred years, made again in conformity with realities not taken into account by the present projectors. The factors which seem to me to warrant such a prophecy are not so abstruse that they could not be understood by the majority of people who would take the trouble to demand that they be offered for public consideration. What I wish to urge, in approving Mr. Duffus's article, is that the New Republic should, from time to time, make a point of contributing to the general understanding on this whole problem of the American future in the southwest.

MARY AUSTIN.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Mistake Was Ours

SIR: Reviewing M. René Lalou's Contemporary French Literature in your issue of February 18, Mr. Henry B. Fuller says, alluding to my translation: "It is unpleasant to feel obliged to recast some of the passages one has desired to quote." Permit me to draw your attention to one passage where he might have spared himself this disagreeable duty to his own advantage and to that of the text. It occurs in the paragraph dealing with Jules Romains and Unanimisme: "Think the group—'think it to the point of defying it. . . .'" Here he has "recast" not only my rendering but the author's meaning, by substituting "defying" for "deifying." Or is this merely a typographical error? Since there were already so many in the book, it was hardly worth while adding another.

W. A. BRADLEY.

Paris, France.

[Mr. Fuller is in no way to blame. The error was typographical, and the responsibility therefore ours alone.—The Editors.]

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Mr. Williams Objects

SIR: The undersigned is author of The United States and The Philippines, reviewed in your issue of January 7 by one H. Parker Willis. I appreciate that you are not responsible for Mr. Willis's opinion, nor do I resent his conclusion that such a book "does not bulk large as an exhibit of literary or descriptive art." Few authors are qualified to pass judgment upon their own work, and the writer claims to be no exception. Mr. Willis indulges in certain statements, however, which transcend his privileges as a critic, and to which exception may well be taken. Among such statements the following are cited, to wit:

> First some old and *discredited stories* about official discourtesies to Mr. Forbes are retailed.
>
> *Absolutely unfounded statements* about financial and other conditions are offered as the unqualified truth. Detraction and bias could hardly be greater.
>
> Most of what he has to say in this connection (i. e., concerning capacity of Filipinos for self-rule) is indeed familiar and really needs no repetition. Some of it is true, *much exaggerated* and *more absolutely false.*

Having lived in the Philippines for over twenty years, with opportunity to know the truth, the only possible conclusion from the above is that I have deliberately falsified the facts to serve special ends. This, you will concede, is a serious accusation.

In the matter of "official discourtesies" to Mr. Forbes, branded by Mr. Willis as "discredited," the only reference to such fact appears on pages 148-149 of my book, where I quote and comment upon the cable received by Mr. Forbes advising that he had been superseded as Governor-General. If Mr. Willis can see nothing offensive in this cable—which is a verbatim copy of the original—his sensibilities in such matters are decidedly perverted.

As to "absolutely unfounded statements" concerning financial and other conditions, practically everything written in this regard is taken from official documents, and the facts are substantially as recited and can be so established.

As to the other charge, that the great bulk of my statements concerning Filipino preparedness for self-government are either exaggerated or absolutely false, this represents simply the personal and long-range "opinion" of Mr. Willis, and should have been so limited. Opposed to his gratuitous conclusions are men of the character and calibre of Chief Justice Taft, Bishop Charles H. Brent, ex-Governors-General Smith and Forbes, General Wood, and every unprejudiced American who has a practical, working knowledge of Island affairs and has the real welfare of the Philippine people at heart.

Now a word as to Mr. Willis. In 1903, or thereabouts, he paid a fleeting visit to the Philippines, and then proceeded, with the cocksureness of the casual visitor, to write a book on the Islands, i. e., Our Philippine Problem. He criticized and condemned the work of the Taft Commission, then heroically struggling to better the unhappy conditions of the Philippine people—and aligned himself with that small element which, through constant agitation for withdrawal of American sovereignty, retarded the development of the Islands and rendered doubly difficult the task of our authorities. This attitude made him persona grata to the Filipino politicos, who gladly take to their bosom every one who discredits America's work and prestige in the Islands. It was natural, therefore, that these same Filipinos, when the Philippine National Bank was created in 1916, should exert themselves to have their "good friend" Mr. Willis designated to organize such bank. He became its first president, at a handsome stipend, and spent something like a year in the Islands. In my book, page 166, referring to this phase of the bank's hectic career, I wrote:

> During the first few months of its existence the presidency of the bank was held by a person from the states whose knowledge of banking was more theoretical than practical.

This paragraph very likely furnishes the key to Mr. Willis's diatribes against the veracity and motives of my chronicle, inasmuch as any person thus guilty of minimizing his ability and achievements could hardly be right in other matters. It is to be said, however, that the statement quoted is made upon the authority, and has the backing, of men who have grown gray in handling the intricate and peculiar problems incident to banking in the Orient—for which long experience alone can qualify. While Mr. Willis can plead an alibi as to the subsequent tragic course of the institution he cradled, it may be mentioned that such bank was recently "reorganized" by the Philippine legislature, in which process it absorbed losses aggregating $30,000,000 of public funds—which amount falls considerably short of the total deficit. This loss occurred largely through the "Filipinization" policy of Governor-General Harrison, and his premature vesting of authority and control in the hands of native politicians and their protegés.

Mr. Willis to the contrary notwithstanding, this book (The United States and The Philippines) represents a sincere effort to set out the actual facts of our Philippine problem. It was written to serve the best interests of both Americans and Filipinos and for no other or ulterior purpose.

D. R. WILLIAMS.

San Francisco, Calif.

A Reply from Mr. Willis

SIR: Mr. Williams's reply is about half a personal attack upon me and about half a rejoinder to my review of his book. His personal comment is briefly this—that, irritated by a slurring reference contained in his work I have misrepresented it. To such misrepresentation I was particularly inclined by the fact that in 1903 I had visited the Islands and "aligned" myself with the small element hostile to the administration. Having thus become persona grata to the politicos, the latter paid their debt (thirteen years later) by appointing me President of the Philippine National Bank. I was able to get out in time to "plead an alibi" for the subsequent disasters of the institution but am clearly untrustworthy. Now the facts are that the book in question was not acceptable to either of the extreme parties which then held the floor on the Philippine question. I was not persona grata to anybody as a result of it. The book chiefly called for Philippine home rule and most of its recommendations have since been put into effect. My work as President of the Philippine National Bank was steadily and consistently opposed by the politicos, and I never received the slightest assistance from them. In spite of the "handsome stipend" of which Mr. Williams speaks, my trip to the Islands to organize the bank was made at a material loss of income, a situation of which I was quite aware when I accepted the task. As for Mr. Williams's reference to me in his book, I had forgotten or overlooked it and I have not the slightest objection to it. My "record" as head of the bank is officially on file in Manila and Washington. During my service, the institution incurred no losses, but paid handsome dividends. If this was "theory," so much the better.

All this is of no interest to the readers of the New Republic except as it illustrates Mr. Williams's methods. He complains of my reference to his stories about official discourtesies to Mr. Forbes, and says that "the only reference" to them is made where he quotes an official cable sent the latter. He does quote the cable, but he does not tell what preceded it and he immediately bases some inferences upon it which he would find great difficulty in substantiating. The "unfounded statements" about financial and other conditions are numerous, notably in connection with the operations of the Philippine National Bank and the use of the gold standard fund. Mr. Williams's account of those matters may pass unchallenged because the reality was so bad, but his discussion is erroneous and misleading none the less. So of many other statements which he makes and which are referred to in the review as "false." He supports them by reference to his twenty years in the Philippines, but unfortunately not a few of them refer to the United States. What shall we say, for instance, as to the expenditure of Philippine money at the capital that "one million pesos a year is a large sum to dangle about Washington with the Volstead act unmodified and living costs steadily mounting"? Does not this mean that Filipinos have been quite successful in bribing legislators or others at Washington either with money or whisky? After showing that Filipinos endeavored to distribute Governor Harrison's book free to "editors," of whom he says there are fifteen thousand in the United States—if they should write for a copy—Mr. Williams practically indicates that therefore Governor Harrison received royalties on a large number, perhaps something like 15,000 copies. I need not cite further evidence of "false" or "unfounded" statements or of "exaggeration," but will merely remark that I do not for a moment suppose, and have never said, that Mr. Williams was guilty of intentional misrepresentation. I do not know him, and could not venture such an assertion. I have merely said that he had presented a false treatment of the Philippine question. No doubt he was "sincere," I have only said he was unsuccessful; whether as a result of temperament or bias is a secondary matter.

H. PARKER WILLIS.

New York, N. Y.

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It's a Long Subject

(Two Salesmen are sitting in the smoker.)

Salesman No. 1—Yes sir, you got to admit it, it makes no difference how you look at it. At least that's how I look at it.

Salesman No. 2—No sir, if you ask me, I wouldn't say so. No sir, I wouldn't exactly say as how I would say so.

S. 1—Well, last week a fellow says to me, it all depends on the point of view. A smart man he was too, one of the biggest retail men in Buffalo. I sort of got his idea, I mean the idea we are talking about.

S. 2—Well, that's about how it strikes me. I was saying the same myself to a cousin of mine only yesterday. He was a smart man too, and it both struck us the same way.

S. 1—Now I was just reading an article along those lines. An article from a magazine. You know those sort of articles. Now it was so right along those same lines that I just read it to my wife. Now my wife's a smart woman. And do you know what she said?

S. 2—No, what did she say?

S. 1—Well, she said, right out like that: If you ask me, she said, that's another proposition entirely. That's what she said.

S. 2—I wouldn't hardly go as far as all that, if that's what she said. My idea is that you've simply got to take a whole lot of other things into consideration.

S. 1—Right there is just where you make your mistake. I've given the matter a lot of thought, and I can't see it.

S. 2—That's just where I think different.

S. 1—You think different?

S. 2—Yes sir, I think different from what you just said.

S. 1—Well, you just think it over. In the last analysis it all comes down to the same thing in the end.

S. 2—Analysis is right. You can't get round that any way you look at it.

S. 1—A little while back they were all thinking the opposite.

S. 2—Times have changed. Things aren't the way they used to be, so they say, and I'll stick to it. When you come right down to it, the fact of the matter is too technical.

S. 1—Well sir, I've got a good notion to disagree with you on that point.

S. 2—Now just a minute please, if you'll pardon me please. I met a man at our last convention who had made a study of the subject. A smart man too. And do you know what he thought?

S. 1—No, what did he think?

S. 2—Well, he thought that if your opinion isn't like that, or pretty near it, it's bound to be disregarded. What do you say to that?

S. 1—Personally I think there's a good deal to be said for it. The same thing happened to me. Last Friday one of our credit men wrote me and one of the things he wrote was, to my way of thinking, mighty near the real truth. He's a smart man, all right, and his general slant is headed up the right way, if I do say so. Some people are made like that. Well, as I said—Now what did I say?

S. 2—You were saying that your own personal reaction wasn't apt to be unusual in your case.

S. 1—O yes. Well, to return to my original proposition. Now they used to teach me that a discussion pro or con, by and large, depends on the circumstances that may or may not arise.

S. 2—That's pretty much what they taught me. But before we decide that, I'd just like to point out the different viewpoints. Take you, now, you're a smart man, for instance.

S. 1—Yes, take me for instance.

S. 2—Well, take you. Now what does it all come down to? In the long run you got to reason it out along other lines more or less.

S. 1—Right here is where I don't get you, I don't get you at all.

S. 2—All right, all right, if that's the way you feel we'd better talk something else, if that's the way you feel about it.

S. 1—That suits me. Now here's a little proposition that's been puzzling me a good deal lately. The idea of the thing, the general notion, I mean, is about like this. Now it seems if you haven't got the right idea, you can't think straight. Of course if you got that I don't need to explain it any further. I leave it to you.

S. 2—You mean that it all depends on how you look at it when you come right down to it after all. Is that what you mean?

S. 1—Substantially that was what I had in mind to convey.

S. 2—Well sir, it's a whale of an idea.

S. 1—Yes, but it's a long subject.

S. 2—Yes, sir, it's a long subject. You have me there all right. Now if I was to pass judgment on a matter of common knowledge in just the same way, you wouldn't say the problem was solved, would you?

S. 1—No, not one hundred percent.

S. 2—No, personally I wouldn't think so either.

S. 1—One hundred percent always works best in the long run.

S. 2—Now if I was to say the opposite, what would you say to that?

S. 1—Well, just between ourselves, I haven't arrived at any opinion on that topic, no not conclusively.

S. 2—Well then let's look at it this way. There's another angle to it here which I can't just figure out. Nine times out of ten it's about true enough to go a long way. The central idea is standard and you can't as a rule just generally fool with that sort of an idea.

S. 1—I never did care to fool with an idea of the sort you had reference to.

S. 2—You said it. Reference to an idea without other ideas is more highly advisable than with. You said it that time.

S. 1—On the other hand if it strikes you as not right, then it's not right, whether it's all right or not.

S. 2—That's fair enough.

S. 1—That's what I always say.

S. 2—Well, most people never heard it put just like you just said.

S. 1—I'll subscribe to that all along the line.

S. 2—It seems we agree pretty well.

S. 1—My name's Tuttle—Wheeler J. Tuttle.

S. 2—Wheeler's my name—Tuttle J. Wheeler. Glad to know you, Mr. Tuttle. *(They shake hands.)*

Mr. Tuttle—About that other matter. You got to admit it, it makes no difference how you look at it. At least that's how I look at it.

Mr. Wheeler—No sir, if you ask me, I wouldn't say so. No, sir, I wouldn't exactly say as how I would say so. *(etc.)*

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Lessons from the Zoo

The Mentality of Apes, by Wolfgang Kohler, translated by Ella Winter. A new volume in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

EVERYBODY has two attitudes toward the higher animals. He treats them at one time as machines, at another time as companions. And these two attitudes are reflected in science by two different types of theory about the animal mind. There is the hard-headed theory, according to which animals have practically no mind at all. They *are* machines, as Descartes first said they were. Then there is the soft-headed theory according to which animals reason and think and laugh and go to heaven, and do all the extraordinary things that human beings do, only not quite with the same certainty and precision. Between these two views there has never been any peace. Darwin's doctrine of evolution gave a scientific boost to the soft-headed theory, because it made improbable any big differences between man and the higher animals. But the hard-headed people got around that, by pointing out that men themselves do not think very much. They do not think half so much as they think they think, and so it is still probable that animals do not think at all.

The American psychologist, Thorndike, after a series of ingenious experiments on dogs and cats, designed especially to test the wonderful stories that are told about them around the fireside, declared: "I failed to find any act that even *seemed* due to reason." If you will contrast this conclusion with the attitude of Henri Fabre, who had just as strong a distaste for loose talk about "instincts," as Thorndike has for loose talk about "reason" in animals, you will see the significance of the book I am reviewing. It is a record of the most skilful attempt to solve this problem of the animal mind.

The superiority of Professor Kohler's method to that of Thorndike lies not only in the fact that he took the most man-like animals, but that he gave them the most *animal-like tests*. He approached them with a more simple and primitive conception of what thinking is. He did not ask them to lift the little latches of doors without learning, or find their way out of mazes which they could not survey with their eyes. He did not ask them to reason abstractly, or, as you might say, *inside of their heads*. He only asked them to make inferences from the structural relations of large objects lying entirely within their field of vision. And this they did. They would pick up a shorter stick, in order to pull towards them a longer stick which was out of reach, in order to pull towards them a banana which was still further out of reach. But their doing such things depended mainly upon the angles at which these objects were lying in relation to them and to each other. Their thinking was geometry, so to speak, and not algebra, and much less formal logic. But it was thinking just the same. Professor Kohler is himself a hard-headed scientist. . . . I mean by that that he is not controlled by some emotional purpose other than that of determining the objective facts. Hence the great importance of his statement that "Chimpanzees manifest intelligent behavior of the general kind familiar in human beings."

They also manifest *unintelligent* behavior of the kind familiar in human beings. They suddenly break loose in the middle of a "test," and start yanking and cursing like a man with a bad collar-button. This makes them seem more human to me than their intelligence. It makes me more sure that what they are *trying to do* is to be reasonable.

Another illuminating thing about chimpanzees: They show a certain elementary disposition to help each other. If one of them is trying to pile up four boxes in order to reach a banana that hangs from the ceiling, another is not unlikely to "lend a hand." But he is a good deal *more likely* to wait until the boxes are all piled up, and his friend is nicely balanced up there reaching for the banana, and then give the whole thing a grand push. "Mutual obstruction," says the learned author, "is more frequent than coöperation." A very important observation, which I commend to my friends, the "philosophical anarchists"—and also the honest anarchists—whose one small antiquated prop in the field of science is Peter Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid." You do not feel, after a day with Professor Kohler's friends, very warm toward the biological proof that the problems of human society can be solved by the simple device of removing the lid.

Professor Kohler's book, besides being about chimpanzees, is about the nature of intelligence. It goes along, at least, with a new tendency to emphasize the importance of structure—gestalt—in the definition of intelligence. I do not know enough about this theory yet to talk about it. But Mr. C. K. Ogden promises another volume in his admirable International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, which will enable me to understand it without reading German. Understanding things without reading German, is one of the arduous tasks which I habitually set myself. The reader can blame Mr. Ogden, therefore, if I do not tell him inside of a month just what this theory is.

MAX EASTMAN.

Tales of Hearsay

Tales of Hearsay, by Joseph Conrad. With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $1.25.

MR. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM, in his eloquent Preface to Tales of Hearsay, says, "The four short stories in the book contain the first and latest of the author's work. The Black Mate, a sea story that he wrote before Almayer's Folly, must have been written about 1884, as a friend of Conrad's tells me." But is this so? A passage in the story alludes plainly to Mr. Stead and Julia: "And there was that newspaper fellow—what's his name? who had a girl-ghost visitor. He printed in his paper things she said to him." Now, when did Julia appear upon this mortal scene? Was it not about 1895? Again, the story begins, "A good many years ago. . . . I am speaking here of the 'eighties of the last century." Is this a deliberate mystification? I remember that Conrad once showed me the opening pages of The Black Mate, but I cannot recall now when and where. Anyway Conrad's art is seen here, so to speak, buttoned up in a cheap and skimpy suit. The situation of the mate, Mr. Bunter, badgered by his spiritualistic captain, and driven by the loss of his hair-dye into shams and subterfuges, was one for W. W. Jacobs, whom, indeed, Conrad may have been studying before trying to write something "popular." Poles removed, as art, is The Warrior's Soul, where we have Conrad almost at his best. The tale is steeped in Conrad's peculiar at-

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mosphere, and in style, tone, grace, and force it has all the quality of a drawing by an old master. The subject of war's fatalities is one that Conrad was brooding over when he wrote it in 1917, and he has distilled therein the essence of his philosophy. De Castel, a brilliant French officer in high society, meets Tomassov, an ardent young Russian, in a Parisian salon, and at the behest of a great lady gives him a warning that enables the Russian military envoy to escape arrest by leaving France instantly. The scene now shifts to the retreat of the Grand Army to the Beresina, where the Russian cavalry charge, at a walking pace, "a crawling, starved, half-demented mob," and later De Castel, once the "brilliant, accomplished man of the world, envied by men," now "a grotesque horror of rags and dirt, with awful, living eyes, in a body of horrible affliction," stumbles across Tomassov, and entreats him "to pay the debt" and kill him, because he has lost all faith and all courage. The reluctant Russian at last yields and shoots De Castel, "releasing him from a fate worse than death," and the story ends on an exquisite note of restrained pity:—

> . . . . I was the first to approach that appalling dark group on the snow: the Frenchman extended rigidly on his back, Tomassov kneeling on one knee rather nearer to the feet than to the Frenchman's head. He had taken his cap off and his hair shone like gold in the light drift of flakes that had begun to fall. He was stooping over the dead in a tenderly contemplative attitude. And his young, ingenuous face, with lowered eyelids, expressed no grief, no sternness, no horror, but was set in the repose of a profound, as if endless and endlessly silent meditation.

The tale, a masterpiece of dramatic presentation, is perfect by its harmonies of spiritual light and shade. A gracious woman, the flame of pure young passion, and human tenderness, these are the spiritual light set against the dark, wolfish background of war's rapine, implacable nature, and the fatuity and helplessness of men. Conrad's art, it may be remarked, draws its strength from the extremely wide compass it fetches in envisaging its subject. Artistic truth is not merely an affair of rendering the things visible, but of relating them to the things invisible, to spiritual forces. A just vision implies in the artist fidelity to the worst we know as well as to the best. It was Conrad's peculiar strength to establish the relation between remorseless fact and moral judgment, but at times his art weakened by passages of rhetorical emphasis. We do not find this fault in either of the remaining stories, Prince Roman or The Tale. The former contains a charming souvenir of Conrad's boyhood, and, as Mr. Cunninghame-Graham says, is "the only one of all his tales in which he deals directly with the country of his birth or touches politics." But the patriotic "outburst" in the tale is not "the one occasion in his literary career that he allowed it vent." The paper The Crime of Partition, in Notes on Life and Letters, contains passages as caustic. Prince Roman is impressive by the quiet intensity of tone of the narrative, but we are held by the manner of the speaker, and not by the art of the presentation. In this respect Prince Roman is far inferior to The Tale, where we have again Conrad almost at his finest. The tale, told by an English naval officer to a lady, is one about the help rendered to German submarines by the ships of innocent-looking "neutrals" bound to English ports. The management of the narrative is perfection. Only Conrad could have imagined this opening, set in a twilit room with a man's soft murmur of passion in a woman's ear, a prelude which melts imperceptibly into the description of the Commanding Officer's ship groping her way along the coast in a wall of fog, and of the discovery of the shadowy, anchored "neutral." The suspicion, the fog of doubt, the sudden certitude of treachery follow, and the "neutral" ship is sent to its doom on a deadly ledge of rock—following the false course given the Norseman by the Commanding Officer. Only Conrad could have held the balance with a hand so unerring that the story closes on the note of uncertainty as to whether the "neutral's" crew were guilty men or innocent. No Englishman could have written The Tale like this. It is more temperamentally subtle, more delicate in its moral chiaroscuro than is the work of our islanders. The Tale is itself symbolical of Conrad's achievement in English literature. It is a new "lighting" of the old landscape, the old sea, the old doings, the old *moral*. It is a new influence, call it Slav, or continental, or cosmopolitan —and it partakes of all three—which springs from other civilizations, other orders of mind. That is the value to us, the fascination of Conrad's achievement. The debt between the English land and literature and Conrad is mutual. The gain is to each.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Causes of Industrial Unrest

The Causes of Industrial Unrest, by John A. Fitch. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.

THIS is a very wise and a very well documented account of the things which trouble the industrial worker, by a very thoughtful and tolerant man. Mr. Fitch has gone off a little way from the ceaseless warfare of the trenches, and looked at the contestants with detachment, and with humanity. He feels keenly the frustrations of the worker, but he also sees clearly enough the squirrel cage in which the price system often lands the employer. The worker has the worst of it, true, but his boss is often too worried to behave with that haughty and calculating cruelty which, according to certain schools, is his time-honored function.

> Working people worry about the same sort of things that other people worry about. The aspirations of a hod carrier and a banker are not essentially dissimilar. Each dislikes to be thwarted in his purpose; each resents a denial of his rights or an affront to his dignity; each, in addition to his economic ambition, desires an outlet for his spiritual and emotional nature. When we understand that we are ready to understand the "labor problem."

The things which cause industrial unrest, are, in the order assigned to them by Mr. Fitch: long hours, low wages, bad working conditions, unemployment, occupational accidents and diseases, the psychological frustration engendered by work which is uncongenial, or meaningless, or both. To each he gives a chapter more or less, packed with specific and authoritative data, yet not so crowded with figures as to make difficult reading. Each is a little handbook of the outstanding conclusions of recent economic research in the several fields. In the aggregate, there appears a pretty far-reaching bill of particulars as to why modern industry—doubtless with the best intentions in the world—just doesn't happen to conform to the biological and social

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needs of homo sapiens. And until it is moulded a little closer to those needs, unrest, and, one hopes, rebellion, will continue in men and women who are above the level of the brute.

The author assumes what most liberals assume, in respect to the deadening effect of the machine on the human spirit. Recently there has appeared a certain amount of intelligent opposition to that view. Not all of us are born craftsmen, and we may desire our creative or emotional outlets in fields other than our work—in play, in daydreams, in puttering in the garden, in tuning radios. For such people it may be that a reasonably short work day, spent in mechanical repetitive motions *according to a rhythm carefully adjusted to the individual* may not be as unpleasant or as spiritually blasting as some would have us believe. The fact remains, however, that the question of rhythm, which is cardinal, has been inadequately explored and only rarely experimented with, and that unnumbered workers who are inherent craftsmen and do need a creative impulse in their daily work, are being thwarted and undone before the intolerable degradation of the machine. The industrial unrest which flows from uncongenial work, is widespread enough, and tragic enough, but it awaits more careful study before we can say that a given worker punching holes in a given strip of steel, is ipso facto a miserable worker. Perhaps by the time Mr. Fitch sits down to write another book—and one hopes it will be soon—there will be data enough available to attempt this distinction.

STUART CHASE.

The Oxford Aristotelians

Aristotle's Metaphysics. A Revised Text with Introduction and Commentary, by W. D. Ross. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. Two Volumes. $16.

OXFORD, once the home of lost causes and the heaven of German philosophies when they die, gains a new lustre in this twentieth century as a centre of Aristotelianism. The fame of the master of them that know is being freshly transmitted there by a great and scholarly undertaking for the like of which we must go back to the times of Boethius. Boethius's plan for a life-work, too gigantic for the life of one man, was to translate all the writings of Plato and Aristotle and to reconcile their teachings; he accomplished but a part of the translation of Aristotle, and in the last work of his life, the Consolation of Philosophy, he wrote out an adaptation of both Plato and Aristotle to Christian doctrine in a philosophy essentially his own. The Oxford scholars, in one of those coöperative works of which our generation has seen a number, have planned and largely finished the translations of all of Aristotle's works, and have edited critical texts with elaborate commentaries of the Art of Poetry, the De Generatione et Corruptione, and the Politics. As Cambridge was once renowned for its Platonists, we shall now have to speak of the Oxford Aristotelians, not forgetting, of course, the individual contributions made by eminent scholars of both universities to our knowledge of both the great masters of ancient thought.

In the volumes before us, Mr. W. D. Ross, Fellow of Oriel College and Deputy of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, has published the Metaphysics, the work that above all others discloses the core of Aristotle's ultimate thinking and his criticism of his precursors, particularly Plato. The text is edited with a complete apparatus criticus and accompanied by an exhaustive commentary, the notes in which indicate untold research. The introduction deals with Aristotle's metaphysical and theological tenets, considered in themselves and in their relation to the teachings of the preceding school. The chapter on Socrates, Plato and the Platonists is full of fine things; it disposes once for all, we should imagine, of the view recently proposed by Taylor and Burnet that the theory of ideas was taken over by Plato from Socrates. The treatment of Aristotle's philosophy is sympathetic. Aristotle is not presented, as some would apparently regard him, as a kind of metaphysical Boswell, dogging the steps of his master and expanding to a treatise what Plato had settled in a hint. The treatment is also broad; there is constant comparison of modern thought, nor are the Schoolmen and the Arabs forgotten. It is pleasant to note that the achievements of American writers on Aristotle are worthily acknowledged, those, for instance, of Shorey and Heidel and Forbes. There are likewise in the introduction scholarly chapters on the text and the structure of the Metaphysics, a complicated and miscellaneous work, part of which derives from the lecture-notes of the philosopher's pupils. In short, Mr. Ross penetrates the Aristotelian maze with sound learning and acumen. He shows equal competence as a philosopher, a grammarian and a textual critic—a combination rare indeed. There is a full Index Verborum, including names, that almost amounts to a lexicon. Supplementary to this is another index, that perhaps might have been profitably enlarged, to the Introduction and the Commentary. All in all, Mr. Ross's edition of the Metaphysics will remain a standard and indispensable work for many years to come.

E. K. RAND.

Man, the Speaking Animal

Language: a Linguistic Introduction to History, by J. Vendryes, translated by Paul Radin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THE science of language is in its infancy and we shall therefore expect to find in any honest book on linguistics more questions raised than answered. We shall also find more linguistic anecdotes than theories: and certainly there are some good anecdotes in the present very honest volume. Thus amusing examples of the transformation of words from one language to another are given: as, pipe de Kummer (Kummer being the manufacturer) into pipe d'écume de mer, whence Meerschaum in German; the Italian girasola, turnsol or Helianthus Tuberosus, into the English Jerusalem artichoke, but these, while they beguile the traveller through relatively arid wastes, are not in themselves science.

What then does Professor Vendryes offer the more serious-minded? First of all he refuses to discuss the origin of language in that it is not a linguistic problem. It may not be, but it is at least a very fascinating problem made the more elusive when we know that no such thing as a primitive language is known to exist and that the Australian black is as far from the origin of language as we ourselves. The author's first division of his subject-matter is really a branch of physiology: it deals with the sound mechanisms, the muscles, nerves and cavities which enable us to articu-

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late. Every language uses its own general adjustment of the organs of speech:

> In passing from one language to another they do not carefully consider each word and adjust their organs to the correct position for producing the phonemes composing that word. In that way they would never succeed in speaking fluently. It suffices, in changing from one language to another, to adjust the organs, once for all, in a general way. The polyglot is like a harmonium player, who by changing his keyboard gives a particular value to each sound he produces. This adjustment can readily be seen in the fatigue experienced after speaking an unfamiliar language for any length of time. The organs have been forced into new positions, requiring equally new muscular efforts.

The physiological approach to language concerns itself with how sounds are uttered and it has been better worked out than any other approach; it has developed an elaborate terminology and classification which are faithfully presented here, but the author once more refuses to follow the subject at the very point when it becomes interesting. Take the sentence: Peter strikes Paul, he rightly says

> according as Peter and Paul are my children or strange children, according to their age and strength, my preferences and sympathies, or other circumstances easy to imagine, I utter the sentence with various feelings. These feelings are all naturally expressed by the intonation and inflection of the voice.

Now here is a hard problem: you have laid down phonetic laws and signs to help fix the "phonetic system" of each language and yet clearly not only every individual, but every mood needs and uses its own "phonetic system": surely the validity of fixed phonetic signs is called in question, but we are told "this is properly the task of the psychologist studying the nature of feelings, but hardly the linguist's affair."

The second division is concerned with grammar, and the first thing that strikes the reader is the disastrous effect upon true linguistics of every word of grammar taught at school or university: the very idea of there being "parts of speech" is refuted and all grammatical categories are shown to be fictitious. Furthermore we find that the author cannot any longer be systematic, he becomes anecdotic, and, we must add, more interesting. Take for example the question of gender: Indo-European has masculine, feminine and neuter genders, Algonkin has animate and inanimate, Masai has a gender for things big and strong and another for things small and weak.

Another group of problems is hinted at when the author discusses the category of number: why did the Greeks have singular, plural and dual? One is clearly different from more than one, but why single out two for special treatment? The author quite rightly says: "We must believe that the employment of the dual responded to a need differing from any which our modern habit of thought can suggest," but he goes no further. Yet this is surely the basic problem of linguistics—the ways in which language conditions thought, and the way in which thought conditions language. Stated simply the fact is that no sound, no word, no sentence can be said to have a meaning apart from the context in which it is used. It follows that to understand a sentence in a foreign language fully, we must know the whole psychological and sociological background of that language, and it is along this line that linguistics assume their most fascinating meaning and the part of the book devoted to it is of the greatest interest. It should, however, be read in connection with Levy Bruhl's Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inferieures and the stimulating study of Meaning in Primitive Speech by Malinowski included in Ogden's Meaning of Meaning. Moreover for all its lapses in method and detail the works of Remy de Gourmont on language are as stimulating as these pages and should not have been left out of the bibliography.

The remaining sections deal with the structure of language and with writing: and this last is in some ways the most disappointing: anecdotes, good in themselves, suggest questions which are not answered. Thus we are told that: "The French and English spelling is abominable—Tibetan and Irish alone could give it points. Celtic scholars have often quoted such ridiculous spellings as Saoghal, lanamhain, oidhche, cathughadh, pronounced something like sil, lânum, î, cahu." A good story but what would be more interesting would be an analysis of each case showing the cause of discrepancy between spoken and written language. However the author is very clear in his thesis that written language—and therefore all Latin and Greek—has only the same value for the linguist as a fossil has for a biologist. The life, and therefore that which is most important to study has gone out of it, for spoken language alone contains the elements of change and affective value. Thus the science of linguistics must give up emphasizing the dead languages to the exclusion of the living, and just as biology is turning from the study of organs in terms of structure to organs in terms of function, so linguistics is turning from language in terms of grammar to language in terms of living speech. If that is so, the sooner we cease to enter its halls beneath the yoke of mensa and aorist and conditional, the better for ourselves and our teachers alike.

The whole of this book can well be recommended to the general reader who is however advised to avoid the formal phonetics of the first section until after he has read the rest. A suggestive introduction by Henri Beer brings out the position of linguistics in the general study of history and thereby fits the volume into its proper place among the two hundred we are promised by the publisher in the series.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is the author of French Perspectives and Shadow-Shapes. In this issue she begins a series of portraits of contemporary Americans significant in some line of creative activity.

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MAX EASTMAN, after a few years spent in teaching and graduate study, became editor of The Masses, a revolutionary magazine suppressed during the War. It was continued as the Liberator and was edited by Mr. Eastman until 1922. He is at present in Russia, preparing a book on Marxism in Russia. Leon Trotzky: the Portrait of a Youth, has just been published by Greenberg.

EDWARD GARNETT is the author of The Breaking Point, The Feud, Turgenef, etc.

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